

The ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE

*Rays From
The
Rose Cross*



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THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP

OCEANSIDE, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

The ROSICRUCIAN MAGAZINE

Rays from the Rose Cross

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The Day Will Bring Some Lovely Thing

GRACE NOLLS CROWELL

"The day will bring some lovely thing,"
I say it over each new dawn;
"Some gay, adventurous thing to hold
Against my heart when it is gone."
And so I rise and go to meet
The day with wings upon my feet.
I come upon it unaware—
Some sudden beauty without name;
A snatch of song—a breath of pine—
A poem lit with golden flame;
High tangled bird notes—keenly thinned
Like flying color on the wind.

No day has ever failed me quite—
Before the grayest day is done,
I come upon some misty bloom
Or a late line of crimson sun.
Each night I pause—remembering
Some gay, adventurous, lovely thing.

The Current Outlook

FROM THE ROSICRUCIAN VIEWPOINT

Looking Forward

By KITTIE S. COWEN



N Liberty Magazine, May 26th, 1945, is the condensation of a book called "A Great Time to Be Alive," written by Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. In this book Dr. Fosdick states: "We confront a generation such as faced the writer of the fourth Psalm: 'Many there are that say, 'Who will show us any good?'"

"Nevertheless this is a great time to be alive; and alike, the personal and the public of it, depend on whether we see that. . . . Not only is this a generation which, if it will, can call out personal adequacy, it is an era also when we cannot remain static, when change is forced upon us, when willy nilly we must make momentous decisions that will affect for good or ill the whole world's future.

"Human nature instinctively dislikes change. We love to play safe by staying put. Many Americans today would love to save the world if only they could save it without changing their isolationism, without changing their ideas of absolute national sovereignty, without changing their racial prejudices, and their economic ideas to fit the new interdependent world. Then history, tired and impatient of our lethargy and our reluctance to alter anything, hurls us out of our peaceful decades into a maelstrom like this, crying, 'Now you have got to change.' And when that kind of era comes, like it or not, it is a great time to be alive.

"What makes any era seem great or little to a man is the man's own eyes, his capacity of insight and vision. Put some people in a great generation and they will only cry, 'Who will show us any good?'"

"That is what we need to pray for now—eyes to see—for if we have them this will be for us a great time for great living.

"It still remains true that the eras of enforced change present supreme opportunities."

It is true that in what we are pleased to term "this enlightened twentieth century," few there are who really know what life is all about. The masses of humanity even in the most advanced countries are born, live awhile, and then they die. And humanity, in general, is little if any better off for them having existed at all. Only a few men and women at the present time are known outside of their immediate environment. And very few ever rise to worth-while prominence. Many generations in the world's history come into existence and pass out without producing a single outstanding character.

This, however, is not really discouraging when one is once able to glimpse the tremendous scheme of creation as a whole. Evolution, meaning progressed growth, is a slow process; but it is sure of results. Further, we it is orderly, and in the ultimate, it is forward moving, even if at times it may appear at a standstill or even falling backward. Men, yes, and women, too, from time to time, have through the development of their own inner powers discovered little or much of the truth and have made known their remarkable findings to their fellow men, more often than not only to be scoffed at by the less enlightened and persecuted even unto death. Such individuals were Confucius of China, prince of social virtues. A practical moralist—his teaching on filial piety, benevolence, justice, propriety, intelligence, and fidelity are still guiding lights for the second largest race in the world. Mohammed of Arabia, who combined the Jewish Old Testament teaching with the Christian religion and gave it to about one-seventh of the world's population, was another. Buddha, the light of Asia, feeling the suffering and sin of the world sought to alleviate the pain resulting from it by teaching his fellow men to overcome its cause—unfulfilled desires. Washington, too, caught the vision when, while he knelt in prayer at Valley Forge, he received divine direction how to bring a new nation to birth. Lincoln, the humble man of judgment, discerned the truth and used it to strike the shackles from four million slaves and start them on the forward path of evolution. Lord Tennyson's poetic soul soared to heights of truth, discovered the brotherhood of man and proclaimed it to the world in that divinely inspired poem wherein he states:

"For I dip into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the World, and all the wonders that would be.

"Saw the heavens filled with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
"Heard the heavens filled with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
"Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were fur'd
In the parliament of man, the Federation of the World."

Franklin D. Roosevelt discovered the Universal Spirit struggling for light within his fellow men and proclaimed the Four Freedoms for all humanity throughout the world. And Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick reveals his own true enlightenment in this article's opening quotation. From the very beginning of time there have always been great minds that have pointed out the right way, but more often than not mankind has never been willing to accept their directions and carry them through. Dr. Fosdick points out that the greatest Teacher of them all, the Christ, gave the remedy for the elimination of strife and the way to bring lasting peace to the world. "We must put

— The Current Outlook —

righteousness first," says the Doctor. Righteousness is the quality of being just, upright, honest, equitable, godly, virtuous, prudent, wise—doing that which is right. All of which were qualities exemplified by the Christ, the great Way-shower.

Putting righteousness first is a personal matter. It is only when enough individuals have done this that it will manifest in the world. It is, however, in line with evolution that wars shall cease and universal peace reign. Germinal ideas of peace and the brotherhood of man are being born in the minds of men. And when these ideas become vitalized and truly alive, mass thought, revolutionized will sweep the world into a New Age. Thought power now used to invent implements of war and destruction will be used to build utilities the value of which the world has not yet dreamed; for what the mind can imagine, man will find a way to bring into material manifestation.

A change is coming in the new houses. There will be complete year-round air-conditioning, electric controls, extensive use of plastics, movable partitions, rooms built as complete units to be added to or removed. Kitchen and bathroom fixtures will be made of glass-plastic which will also be used in walls of houses; for this new glass may be sawed, nailed, or bolted. It is so tough that if dropped, instead of shattering, it will bounce, but remains whole and unscratched. It bends like rubber, can be twisted into yarn, tied in knots, and woven like silk.

Charles W. Wright, vice-president of the Pullman Standard Car Manufacturing Company, states that movies while you travel will be common place on tomorrow's railroads; furthermore these pictures will

A GLORIOUS	be in colors instead of plain black and white;
FUTURE BEFORE US	that they will have a new recreation car that is a conventional observation-lounge car by day, but at night can be converted into a small theatre and

club, so that the passengers can see picture shows or dance. For safety and comfort, Mr. Wright says that tomorrow's train will have intra-train telephone systems that will permit train crews to keep in constant touch with each other. Insulation, and sound deadening will permit control of temperature within the car, and eliminate noise and vibration.

Aviation will become a common mode of travel. A. B. MacDonald and J. L. Drew of the Airplane division of the Curtis-Wright Company estimate that by 1950, air travel will amount to about 7,000,000,000 passenger-miles per year. The speed of the airplane will be greatly increased. It is conceivable that businessmen might hold conferences in Moscow or Paris and return home the same day, or be able to commute to a New York office each day from a home as far away as Florida.

The time is very close at hand when all mankind, like Thomas Paine, will be able to say, "The World is my Country, and to do good is my Religion."



THE MYSTIC LIGHT



...

Occult Aspects of the Theatre

By VIOLET M. SHAW

For every grain of sand is a mystery; so is every daisy in summer, and so is every snowflake in winter. Both upwards and downwards, and all around us, science and speculation pass into mystery at last.—William Mountford.



HE recent anniversary of a local theatre has focused our attention upon the drama, and its tremendous potentialities in molding the thoughts of the people. In this connection, one thinks at once of the continual conflict being waged between those who consider that the stage, and particularly moving pictures, are dragging down moral standards, and those who are concerned only with making money from their productions. Also of course there is a third class, those who are concerned primarily with what they term art, and are quite oblivious to, or impatient of any moral effect.

However, all must agree that the urge to find recreation in the theatre has become a very strong one in modern life, and it is interesting to consider this activity from the occult viewpoint. In the *Rosicrucian Magazine* of January, 1932, there appeared an article by Eugene Selnick on this subject, which reads as follows:

"It is generally known that when a play is effectively presented and the audience is thoroughly moved, it is al-

most impossible for the individual in the audience to think as an individual while watching the play. One is emotionally and mentally a part of the mass, chained to the average mental outlook of his neighbors. So largely true is this that critics in metropolitan areas where plays are particularly well done find it difficult to rely upon their judgment on first nights, for at such times even the trained critic is apt to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the audience. The practice is therefore to visit the play during the dress rehearsal and to judge it from this preview. Critics find it much easier to think clearly on such occasions than when under the influence of the emotional thought of an average audience. One can see how, by creating a strong feeling of love and adoration in the mass of the congregation through the staging of some beautiful Biblical story, the clergy could invoke these emotions within the few who were intellectually rebellious.

"Of course the theatre thus used is an instrument with two edges. Plays based upon suggestive, immoral themes

can be just as effective in capturing the minds of the audience as plays of a lofty nature. For all that is necessary for a play to be effective is first, that it be well done, that is, well acted, and second, that it be built upon a series of incidents that will call forth strong emotions common to most of its audience. Once an emotion has been strongly invoked in an audience, be it even one of hate or passion, it will be difficult for even a pioneer soul to stand alone and not enter the low emotional mood of the rest.

"In this day of advanced thought when we strive to purge society from the crime of capital punishment and realize that even a murderer has a right to life and retrospection of his crime, how many of us can see such a play as, say, Hamlet or Macbeth or King Lear and not feel relieved at the death of the villain? When sitting alone in contemplation of these plays we may well devise other endings more suitable to an evolved outlook upon life, but when under the spell of the theatre we concur in the desire for the death of the evil-doers. Our emotions are controlled and subject to the manipulations of the author. . . .

"Let us forget the present misuse of the powers of the theatre, its present exploitation of sensuality, its lack of response to the higher outlook toward life that is slowly permeating the world today. Let us consider the theatre from an ideal viewpoint.

"We gain knowledge and wisdom in two ways: either by direct experience or by observation of and meditation on the experiences of others. Our desire for experience, even if it be of a vicarious nature, leads us to the theatre. We go not merely to see a make-believe but to see a reality. We attend the theatre because we know that after the first few minutes the make-believe will to us become a vivid actuality, a real experience which we have had the good fortune to

watch, godlike, observing the interplay of the forces of life. It is this insistence upon an effect of reality that causes us to appreciate a play of ordinary ideas well presented rather than a play of advanced ideas poorly done. . . . What a marvelous means the theatre offers for teaching in a concrete, artistic form a new and higher conception of life, to teach through the drama the lessons of self-mastery, of service, and of love. . . .

"Before the theatre attains to this ideal there must appear a new type of drama. Of course the plays exalting sex, worldly sophistication, et cetera, do not lead toward this goal. The tragic drama too, once so popular, wherein we are shown how the failings in character bring a great soul to ruin, is fast disappearing from the theatre. Tragedy belongs to a past era of evolution. It belongs to a time when we had to be taught over and over and over again the punishments of sin. It belongs to the Jehovistic reign, when the law proclaimed the punishment of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. We are entering into a new reign—a reign of love. In it will be stressed not punishment for sins but rewards for accomplishments. The new drama will not be tragic but joyful in tone. We shall be shown not how weaknesses overcome a man, but how a man transmutes his weaknesses into powers. In the new drama stress will be laid not so much upon how a particular individual has gained mastery of social and financial powers in this world, but we shall be shown how an individual has gained mastery of himself.

"I can foresee a new type of play when playwrights will become astrologers too. They will make charts and work out problems to show how an individual with a certain nativity can transmute his squares and oppositions into trines and sextiles. The Ego itself will be the central character, the good and evil influences within the personality and within the mind will be the characters,

and the interplay of these will be the drama."

It is interesting to think of the plays of a constructive type which have been presented since this article was written, and which have left their audiences in a definitely higher state of vibration.

Some of them have dealt simply with noble ideas; many have presented, in veiled form, wonderful occult truths. Many will think at once of Walt Disney's "Snow White," of which a very fine interpretation appeared in the Rosicrucian Magazine at the time of the picture's first release. And what could be more moving than the beautiful presentation of the "Wizard of Oz" with its story of the redeeming power of love?

With regard to the possibility of astrological plays, we see the beginning of this in the clever detective stories by Marc Jones which are appearing in a contemporary astrological magazine. These stories are very ingenious, though it is to be regretted that they deal with criminals and the sordid side of life, bringing out the weird and perverted phases. However, they point the way to a constructive use of astrology in drama.

Astrologically interpreting the profession, we might say that Leo is the sign of the actor, because it is the sign of self-expression. Actually, the 9th house also has a good deal to do with self-expression, because it is through the 9th house that we reach understanding, and what our understanding of life is, naturally influences what we give out to the world.

Sagittarius, the 9th sign, is usually associated with conservative thought, such as finance and orthodox religion, yet some astrologers say that Sagittarius "makes a good teacher because

he dramatizes." Certainly the abstract mind which it rules, has the power to call up images and concepts and analogies. Perhaps we might say that under Leo we feel the urge to express, and under Sagittarius we have the ability to express ourselves intelligently.

However, there is a third sign to be considered, namely Pisces, which is the greatest dramatist of all, and under it we express ourselves imaginatively. Here we have the necessary sensitivity to various roles, the sympathy with suffering, plus the ability to cast more or less of a dreamy spell. It is no accident that "glamor" was popularized by the movies. Of course Neptune as ruler of Pisces has always been associated with

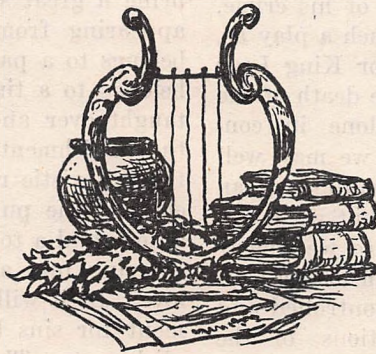
the moving picture industry. It is the planet of illusion, and the films create the illusion of life in a subtle and mysterious way.

So we find in the theatre these three elements: (1). Self-expressive activity; (2) Dramatized ideas and ideals — propaganda if you like—and (3) Dreamy illusion,

glamorous spells of color and enchantment.

For Leo, there is the satisfaction of spotlight and applause; for Sagittarius, the satisfaction of presenting his ideas and kindling the fire of the intellectual urge in others; for Pisces, the satisfaction of probing the depths in himself and others, and of giving weird, new, colorful presentations; or, if he be an evolved type, of presenting plays of mysticism and deep significance. Pisces, of course, is the sign wherein we learn the *significance* of things, all the things we have experienced through the previous signs of the horoscope right round to the 12th house. And is it not the function of the drama to make sig-

-- (Continued on page 399)



After-Death Glimpses

By DOROTHY JENNINGS



WHATEVER the process of death may be, something of the substance of the physical body appears to be withdrawn by the departing entity, which enables it to manifest itself for a while either to the sight or the touch of those still in the flesh.

I had the great privilege of watching something of this process at the death-bed of a friend and, also, some weeks beforehand, of learning of the joy with which friends who have preceded us await our passing from this world.

One week-end I was staying at a country house a few miles from my home. On the Sunday afternoon I was sitting before the library fire listening to my friend and hostess playing the piano in the drawing-room. She had just called out to ask if I would like her to continue with the Brahms's Symphony she was playing. I answered in the affirmative and as I did so, the figure of a girl came swinging into the room through the curtains which divided the library from the drawing-room.

There was no girl in the house and I stared at her in bewilderment, wondering who she might be. But as she danced up to me, radiating joy in every movement, I suddenly realized I was looking at a girl who had been dead for over two years. Molly H. had been a friend of mine and I had been with her often during her long, lingering illness of tuberculosis.

As she paused before me and looked me full in the eyes, I received her unspoken message and knew the reason for her joy. Her mother, whom she had dearly loved, and who was still on this earth plane, was going to pass over at an early date.

On my return home I made a special point of calling on the H. family and found, rather to my surprise, that the mother was in perfectly good health.

A fortnight later, however, Mrs. H. was taken ill with pneumonia. She had been in bed just over a week when one night I called in about 9 o'clock. I was left to sit beside her while some sick room preparations went on downstairs. Believing I had healing power in my hands, I laid them on the head of the semi-conscious patient and, looking up, prayed that she might be healed.

Presently, above the bed, appeared the beautiful face of a young woman, then her shoulders and figure as far as the waist. With her dark eyes smiling and her whole face alight with happiness, she motioned me to take my hands from the head of the old lady. Wonderingly I did so, trying to remember the face of the apparition, which seemed familiar. There was a family likeness to the H—s, and I thought of her two daughters who had passed on, but it was neither of them.

Then, as I continued to gaze, the truth dawned on me. It was the spirit of the old lady, and as the vitality in my hands was drawing her back into the old body, of which she wished to be free, she had made this direct appeal. When she saw I had grasped the situation, the lovely face smiled in acknowledgment and faded away.

Now and again, as she returned to consciousness, the old lady muttered, with dwindling vitality "water," but before I could put it to her lips, she again had sunk into unconsciousness.

That night she died at 2 A.M. and I knew that while her family sorrowed, the heart of Molly was glad. Between

the hours of 9 P.M. (and probably much earlier) and 2 A.M. the consciousness was fluctuating between the physical body and the spirit form and as it withdrew more and more into the spirit form, so the intervals of unconsciousness increased.

I had not before realized, amid the sadness of death, the joy which the normal release from the dense body brings to the average person and to those awaiting the spirit's coming to the

higher realm. It is significant that the knowledge of Mrs. H's. coming arrival in that other world was known to her daughter Molly three weeks earlier (and possibly longer than that) and at a time when Mrs. H. was in perfectly good health. This indicates that the *time* of death is fixed in normal cases. It may be, also, that fatal accidents are not always "accidental" in the sense in which we regard them, but are part of the individual's destiny.

Cause of War

By LISA H. JONES



WHAT is the fundamental cause of war? That is the question that must be answered before the problem of how to create a lasting world peace can be solved.

If the seeds of war are greed, envy, hatred, and kindred emotions, these must be eliminated first of all, or there will never be a lasting peace.

If each individual were at peace within himself there could be no war. If emotions were under full control in the mind and heart of the individual there would be nothing to cause strife and war. The desire to eliminate war and create lasting world peace, must come from within the individual consciousness.

Education has been discussed as the possible answer to the question of how to create world peace. Such education could not be superficial. It would have to re-educate the individual's way of thinking. It would have to reach into his very soul before he could learn how to be at peace within himself.

It is the emotions of the individual, magnified a thousandfold, that constitute the world consciousness and its wars and strifes. One may say that none of us mortals are exactly alike,

but if we search below the surface deep enough, we will find that the fundamental human emotions are practically the same in each human being, be he Christian, Hindu, Mohammedan, or atheist; be he white, black, brown, or yellow.

If each person would really set about trying to understand his own emotions he would be better able to understand the world. The state is the individual citizen. His own hidden thoughts and emotions are the seeds of the conflagration in the world today.

Thoughts and emotions are as closely akin as the two sides of a coin. The one is the impetus that starts the other functioning. Sound, creative thinking cannot be the cause of emotions such as those at the root of wars. Therefore the way to eliminate destructive emotions is to control one's method of thinking.

Ungoverned emotions, on the other hand, start off the same kind of thinking, and both run rampant. Useless, idle, half-baked thoughts can only add to the bedlam in the world today. Everyone's "thought factory" is nearly always busy during every waking hour.

(Continued on page 407)

Over the Top with Sergeant Gray

By ALFRED BARRETT

"CHARGE!" bellowed a husky voice as the men rushed up the hill in a mass of drab, wet brown. "Charge!" came the order again—this time almost drowned out by the roar of planes overhead, and the thunder of big guns in the distance. There was a moment's quiet, and then the overwhelming roar once more. Then another short lull, pierced by the cries of falling men.

"Basil! Basil!" shrieked Harry. "My leg! My Leg! It's gone!" But before Basil could reach him the thunder of guns came again, sweeping along and encompassing the very earth. Basil Gray was carried onward as if by a power not his own. The ground beneath his feet trembled as in the throes of a mighty earthquake, and opened up over a crater of pure white flame.

Momentarily he felt as if things were melting into thin air. Harry, the men of his company, the drear autumn rain—everything had disappeared; but instantly all seemed to clear, and he was nearly over the top. Somehow, however, he was so much more alive than heretofore. Others appeared to fall to the right and left. He was immune; he felt invulnerable. Nothing escaped him. He still heard Harry's cry in his ears. Harry! his friend of college days! "Harry! Harry! Where are you?" And in a blanket of blood alongside the hill was Harry. "Harry!" shouted Basil, thinking he could reach him, but the former heard nothing. Time had stopped for him, and the din of battle had ceased.

"Harry! it's Basil . . ." But hardly had he finished when the scene gradually faded. He heard for another time the bombers above, and the approaching

thunder of guns. He was charging anew up the knee-deep slush, then strangely enough he found himself not there at all, but training at camp, then at the altar with Priscilla, at college, in high school, as an infant—a part of every bit of his life, and true to the veriest detail. "Oh, my God! Where am I?" he asked, like one struck by a sudden revelation.

"Basil! Basil!" called someone in utter distress.

"Is it you, Harry?" answered Basil looking about him bewildered.

"Basil! Basil . . .!" gasped the former, his cry becoming fainter and fainter.

Yet Basil saw no one. A singular dizziness engulfed him—a dizziness produced by the passage of scenes one after the other. Then Harry's agonizing voice. And now the very surroundings altering in an almost imperceptible manner, always growing brighter as if by the interplay of the loveliest colors—diaphanous purple melting into warm saffron, and ever-changing from the softest yellows to all the hues of the rainbow. Live colors suffused the atmosphere. Light and shadow blended like the notes of a symphony.

Silence became triumphant. "Sergeant Gray!" It was someone else's voice this time. "Basil . . .!" but soon it was lost. Basil now began to discern faces and figures. Each was endeavoring to get his bearings, and among those present—marvelous to behold!—was Harry, not wounded, but radiantly whole.

"Basil!" he cried moving toward him. "Oh, Basil! where am I? I can walk! I've got my leg after all!"

"Harry . . ." Basil answered with

an inexpressible sigh of relief. "Harry! we're—"

"Alive! Alive!" interrupted Harry. "I must have been dreaming. Why, I've just lived my life all over."

"Yes, Harry, living the life that was, dreaming of the war against the heathen of the land, fighting against those who believe in the complete destruction of each living thing."

"But it was only a dream, Basil. I'm alive!"

"Spiritually alive, Harry. Remember what I told you last . . ." Basil was going to say last week.

"You mean about being dead?" Harry did not complete the sentence. His look was that of a dumb animal. He was unable to rise to this new level of experience. "But I want to go back! What about the folks! Rose is counting the days," and Harry wept bitterly. Basil stood motionless beside him. No plummet could fathom those depths of despair. Others, too, he could see—some still going through the motions of fighting, as if no transition had occurred, and some separated from this new realization only by belief, while in the mind was being born the thought of Eternity. "The white radiance of eternity," he muttered. His brother had used that phrase. Out of the subconscious it came. Eternity! But where under this transparent dome of color was he? It might be a dream after all, he reflected.

But no. There was movement in the circumambient light. "Look, Harry!" said Basil. The former did not stir. "Someone is coming toward us."

A Presence was actually approaching, rather tall, but of definite outline. It was a human form, clothed in an oval cloud of white. "Harry," said Basil, shaking him. He wanted to shake him again, but was too immersed in the changes his mind was undergoing. So enriching to him were these unprecedented experiences that he had forgotten all earth ties. He was awake—and

thought all others likewise. They, too, were awake—but awake to the old, not the new. Something held each one spell-bound.

Basil was nevertheless impelled by an inner voice. He looked forward, not backward. A mysterious attraction existed between harmonious vibrations of certain words skillfully juxtaposed, and the vibrations from balanced patterns of color. No sooner were the latter born than there issued from unfathomable recesses within, appropriate adjectives to describe them, a poetic phrase perhaps, or a bit of quaint and wonderful verse—but everywhere the tendency toward unity and harmony.

While these thoughts were entertaining one another, the Presence had glided even nearer, its contour now definitely that of a man. At last Basil knew. This *was* Eternity. He was in heaven—one of the heavens his brother (since passed on) had often spoken of during his studies in those books on the occult sciences. Harry was also here—though indifferent to it all.

"Welcome, Basil," said the Presence addressing him for the first time.

Basil marveled on hearing his name. "Harry, look!" No answer was forthcoming. Basil was about to speak.

"I understand," the Presence continued. "You will soon comprehend. You and your friend are on another plane of existence. The change from the field of battle was merely a transition. It was a swift exit, and your Spirit knew no distraction. Yes, you are now *really* alive."

"More than I ever dreamed," ejaculated Basil speaking as if to an acquaintance of long standing. "But if I could only make Harry realize it!"

"He is not ready yet, nor are those over yonder."

Far below at the left Basil saw those who were in a state of consciousness not far remote from that of the earth life. This was a strange country, and they were eager to get home. "Ah, I'm be-

ginning to see . . . the Spirit behind the form . . . the mystery . . ."

"Of the Cosmos?" queried the Presence. "Of the elimination of space? Of the deep things of radio? You were once interested in radio—remember? Wave frequencies, vibration, motion, and the unseen forces of the universe. You intended to study them, did you not? Well, you will do that here. You are now functioning on one of those frequencies."

"Can the veil really be rent?" asked Basil. "Was the outer world only the effect?"

On uttering these words there manifested above him as in a dream the crystalline blue of the sky, and the clearness of the atmosphere just after summer rain; he was walking along a path in the mountains—those mountains which spoke of the Eternal. There was some one with him on this occasion. It was the Presence.

"In the outer world men call this matter or the effect, Basil, the physical world, the World of Form. Here in the inner realms we call it the spiritual world, the World of Color—the Desire World, a world of ever changing light and color."

Basil listened. He gazed at the vault on high, and at the majesty of the mountains which he loved. The speaker's words fell upon his spirit like rain upon parched earth. Once he saw Truth dimly; now he felt he beheld it, face to face. Previously he had been utterly devoid of feeling; at present he was experiencing intense emotion. He had wholly forgotten Harry. He thought of his own brother, and how the latter had been right in his theories.

Life *was* a process of constant awakening. When thinking unfolds, man unfolds with it, much as a flower on opening to the dawn receives more of the glorious sunlight, "Even the light which lighteth every man, coming into

the world." It was a step toward the goal, a glimpse at the Eternal permeating and sustaining the Cosmos, and manifesting in an infinite variety of ways.

Had not his brother said, "Man's consciousness is the daily awareness of the One Universal Spirit?" He had. But a misinterpretation of the material world and its perspective had arrested the unfoldment of our consciousness. It had for the time being dulled man's receptiveness so that he was no longer spiritually quickened but spiritually asleep. Until Spirit touched the mind it could not soar. Not until thought awoke would it perceive the workings of the Law, or become receptive to Truth.

"Yes," corroborated the Presence, "not until man really desires the Truth will he find it. We find only that which

we ourselves are, Basil. The spiritually minded find God; the materially minded find that which is material: the earth, and things earthy. That is why Harry has left us."

"Harry!" broke in Basil astounded. "That's right. . . .

Where is he?"

"Earth memories are probably haunting him, Basil. Earth memories often hold us back. He may be among his people. Think of his home, and we shall visit him."

Hardly had the thought been formulated when they were there, but Harry was absent. One had only to think of a place, Basil discovered, and it appeared. He recognized his friend's room; somehow it belonged to another sphere; it said little to him. Harry's picture was draped in black. His family had heard the terrible news. Autumn had passed and another summer had come; outside there was the sound of bells on the still morning air. It was Sunday.

Basil visualized the church. It came into being. In the seventh pew were the Grays and the Godwins. A sense of



irretrievable loss pervaded the place. Next to Rose, whose pale face drooped like a flower, sat Harry. He spoke to her again and again, but of no avail. Different vibratory states divided the two. Harry continued to weep. Priscilla was next to her mother. Priscilla! Basil's young bride. But in some inexplicable manner he had risen above sorrow. A feeling of joy came over him, a feeling of indivisibility. He and Priscilla could never be separated. Theirs was a spiritual affinity, a similarity of aims. Affinities attracted—did they not?

Once more the scene changed, and Basil and the Presence were in the mountains. This time higher up the path. "You are right, Basil, similarity attracts, dissimilarity repels. As in the former life, so it is here. The mountains always called you; that is why you have come. We go to the things that call us. Even as this reaches to heaven, so does man's spirit aspire. Those who aspire are ever on the heights."

Above Basil were others climbing various paths, but all leading to the top. There was a multitude if one could see them. Each had a definite destination in mind. Activity was the very essence of this plane. Everything was living, moving, flowing. At first it was a world of mere chromolithographic effects, kaleidoscopic in appearance, iridescent in hue. But now a purpose shone through it all—that purpose being *purgation*.

Every word had significance. Every new thought shook one from slumber. It was a constant awakening from sleep. Could *awakening* be the secret of it all? Basil had often thought of it. At present his beliefs were confirmed. The Presence was correct. Harry was not awake; this sphere of life had little to offer him. He understood the language of matter but not that of spirit.

Basil turned around. Far down the mountain he saw Harry—unwilling to climb, still weeping, longing to return

to earth. Basil wanted to go to him and share his own understanding with his friend.

"You must not, son," said a mellow voice at his right. "He must come to you, but you must not return to him. You must not retrograde. He is the one who must progress. Can a man return to childhood? No. But a child can attain manhood. Progress is the Law. Thus it is that we awake."

As Basil listened he saw many around him. For a moment the view became clearer. The verdure was the color of emerald, and the sky the color of sapphire. On the faces of those about him was written the word *awakening*. Some smiled as if in acquiescence. In that smile, awakening signified the consciousness of ultimates, not of immediates, of principles, not of appearances, of the Truth which is, not of the error that seems to be.

All of those present had passed through a state of purgation. They were in the process of redemption or of preparation for the First Heaven. Their thought revealed this, for thought always reveals the state of one's awareness. There was something higher, and they were eager to attain it; thus with Basil they were all climbing. Reaching the goal meant transfiguration.

But would they ever get there? Motion was so much swifter here, yet the journey continued. Everything was new, and yet everything was old. Basil had heard it somewhere before. Thought, consciousness, awakening? In his brother's study perhaps? That might have been it! Oh, the mystery of it all! At every turn more light was emerging. Slowly it seemed that progress had to be made.

Basil was again in his brother's study. The latter was reading to him as of old: "Awakening is a step toward spiritual progress. But to awake one must first become as a child. The mind must be opened, and as we learn, we must be adaptable. Adaptability—the true se-

cret of advancement. That is what we must acquire now. Thus will the responsive advance, but the unresponsive will retard themselves. Theirs is the perilous path."

Basil attempted to speak. He tried to call Harry. But everything changed once more. He was with his companions. The air seemed filled with music; there was rejoicing. Had they reached the goal? What marvel would happen next?

"We have arrived, Basil," said the Presence. "You have relived each past experience. You believe your brother at last. You have accepted what once you rejected from him. Experience has proved it to be true."

Realization, however, had not been quite complete for Basil; although parts of the picture were beginning to make sense. Each was falling into place. Life on the material plane was a training ground, where man was continually dying and continually being born, ever exchanging the garments of old habits for new ones. Experience was his teacher, discipline the aim, and obedience the key. That was it!

"Love, Beauty, and Truth"—Basil heard someone else say—"forever seek their own levels. Love in man vibrates to the Love that is. Beauty never fails to answer the call of the beautiful. Truth always knows its Master's voice. So flows the good with equal law, unto the soul of pure delight. We meet again, and we know each other. Those having a similar disposition attract one another. Each recognizes the other by the similarity of their love."

Basil now *knew*. He understood why they were all ascending. Every mistake had been acknowledged and every wrong atoned for. They were all together because they were all eager for progress. They were scaling the heights, each desirous of advancement. What they once sought in consciousness was now coming to them. No power could keep their own away.

"That is why I too am here, Basil," said the Presence; "for I am your brother Douglas." And on saying these words. Douglas stood radiant before him. But he was not the Douglas that Basil had known—but the man he had wanted to be—the ideal Douglas in evolution. "You are finally awake, my brother," he said. "We are at last reunited. Others likewise will join us. Priscilla, too, will come, and Harry, and Rose. In the fullness of time they will all come."

And as Basil beheld his brother, and loved him, the interplay of colors became more alive. A marvelous and mystical light enveloped the mountain, and the glory of a new life filled the place.

OCCULT ASPECTS OF THEATRE

(Continued from page 392)

nificant, to spotlight as it were, certain characters and situations? To the Piscean, the drama gives an ideal medium to present his knowledge.

The instinct of play-acting is deep in all of us, and dramatization would seem to be a legitimate and effective way of expressing our ideas. As time goes on, and we develop more and more, we shall have more of the creative power to express, through Leo, that vital content of self which an actor gives us. We shall have nobler and greater thoughts and concepts to express, through Sagittarius. And through Neptune and Pisces we shall find deeper feeling and more intriguing and imaginative ways of coloring our presentations, both in the films and on the stage—and both literally and figuratively.

We shall have increasingly the presentation of plays which, while entertaining, will at the same time enlighten men as to why they are here and what they are doing, and will inspire them to greater efforts in their climb on and up the Path of Evolution.

The Wheel of Life

A Story of Destiny

By A. R. BOMAR

(FIFTH INSTALLMENT)

"I DON'T believe that Gurin realized whither we were drifting. I know that I did and felt a glorious abandon enfold me when we were alone together, a yearning that but one thing could fulfill. I wondered many times why he didn't take me for his wife. My father I knew was willing that it should be. I knew that he loved me, I saw it a hundred times in his dark eyes, in his actions, in his deference to me. Yet he had never spoken of his love. Why? Like a woman I planned that he should do so.

It was spring and we were wont to go in our boat to a small island in the river a mile below the castle, to gather flowers. One day I schemed to go late and it was almost dark when we started on our trip. Gurin was rowing and it was my task to tie up the boat to a stake on the shore when we landed on the island. The water was swift and I deliberately left the tie rope loose so that the boat would soon drift away with the current.

Like two small children we ran from place to place gathering blossoms until dark began to descend on us and we started home. Then we found that the boat had become untied and had drifted away leaving us alone upon the island as I had planned it. It was a half mile to either shore and Gurin looked dismayed and I happily guilty. Boatmen who passed were either too far away to hear our call or were indifferent to it.

I looked at Gurin in the fading light and saw how frightened he was. It was warm and we had retreated to a large tree with spreading branches with the

green grass and daisies underneath. "Marguerite," he cried, "what shall we do? We cannot stay here together alone through the night." "Why?" I asked. "Because I will lose caste. You must remember that I am a priest—chosen of God. My vows are taken and I dare not break them, for with their breaking my power from on high will go."

"Oh, my dear," I cried. "We love each other. Father is willing that you marry me. So why be concerned about being left alone?"

"Marguerite," he cried. "I have taken vows to my church and to break them is to lose my power with the Christ. I love you, yes, God pity me, I love you with a strength almost beyond control. So great is it that it fairly wrecks my whole being; for should I break my vows to the church and enter into the ordinary relations of mankind, my life would no longer be worth living and I should die in disgrace."

For answer I clung to him weeping. "Look, my love, am I not fair to gaze on? What can be more sacred than the marriage tie? We love each other. Did not your God make man and woman for each other?" Thus I wore down his misgivings. I was happy and content, having had my way but Gurin's face even in restless sleep was seamed with grief and tragedy.

My father was in the great hall when we returned and sent for us to come before him. He sat on the raised seat at the end of the room as he did on all great and important occasions. Several soldiers were present, all armed. The solemn look on my sire's face sent shivers through my body. I had seen that

look but few times before and then on the most solemn occasions. They led us before him and left us standing.

"Marguerite," he said, "why have you and your priest lover brought disgrace upon our house? If you wanted this man why did you not come to me and tell me of your wishes? I have never refused you anything. But you have to violate all the laws of the realm to gratify your willful desires. I can see that you plotted this escapade. You, my daughter, to trample upon common decency. Tell me, why you did this thing, and tell me quickly, for my patience grows thin and I am in no mood to tarry for excuses."

Then I told him all, of impatience to secure a marriage promise, of my scheme to be alone with Gurin on the island.

Roland the Bold looked sternly at us. Gurin had somehow recovered his beads and cross and was now busy counting them as his lips moved in prayer.

"Priest of the Christ, listen to me. You have compromised my daughter, my only child and heir, you have broken your vows to the church, at least to all appearance, and have made an outcast of yourself, all through a maid's wheedling. Yet I am minded to be lenient for her sake. You can do either of two things. Step to her side and be married to her by me, or receive a death sentence. Should you decide on the latter your execution will take place here and now in this hall."

Gurin was again calm and when he spoke his voice came firm and clear. "Most noble sir, your patience with me exceeds what I deserve. I am guilty of all you accuse me for by my own actions I appeared to have betrayed not only your confidence, but also to have broken the sacred vows I made to my church. I have fallen from my high estate, lost my self-respect, and my power to heal. Let all blame fall on me and know that nothing awaits me but a merciful death. Disgraced in the

eyes of the world I cannot marry anyone, not even your daughter, my love for whom will last through eternity. Sir, I am ready for execution."

The decision came so suddenly that I was stunned with horror. In the sight of God, Gurin was innocent. I alone was to blame. My limbs were paralyzed with fright and I stood stricken dumb. My father was ready. Calling Rudolph he told him to get the long bow, the weapon with which he was so expert that he could bring down the fleet hawk on the wing nine times out of ten.

Roland the Bold arose. "I charge you, Rudolph, not to miss this human target. Use your heavy spiked arrow and aim for the heart."

Thirty paces away stood Gurin, my love, with a smile on his face and as I looked he gazed at me, then kissed the cross. This seemed to release the spell which had held me motionless and I rushed to him and threw my arms around his neck. "Oh, beloved," I cried, "forgive me, oh, forgive me. The fault was my own. I did so love you that I thought to bind you to me. I now see that my willful scheming has brought you down to disgrace and death. You, who though tempted, were wholly good." He stroked my golden locks. "I too am much to blame, my dear," he said. "Of course I love you and forgive all as I wish God to do to me. Don't forget me, sweet, and in another life perhaps things will be better. Good-bye."

Rough hands dragged me away from Gurin's arms as Ronald the Bold gave command to Rudolph to shoot. Fascinated I watched the long bow bend in the powerful hands until the spiked head of the arrow was almost touching the straining wood. There it held as I looked in horror. Would he never release that missile of death? Suddenly screaming I broke from my guards, ran forward, and clasped Gurin around the neck just as Rudolph released the fatal arrow. A sudden sharp pang shook me as the arrow passed through my body

and that of my love—both shot through the heart, but unseparated even by death.

Since the recording of my last retrospect many things have happened both to the world and to myself. The spirit of destruction has spread over the earth and our beloved America has been drawn into the struggle. From being a nation of peaceful people we have been forced to fight for peace.

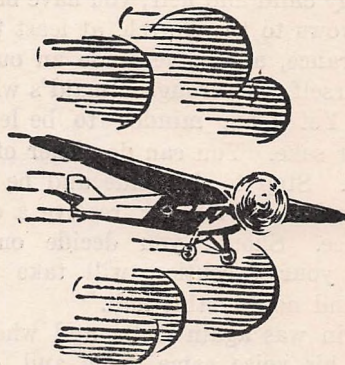
It requires but little acumen to see that if the present course of events are not only checked but changed it will ultimately lead to the dissolution of our present social order. The Golden Rule must not give place to one of iron.

It has been four years since I have seen Raymond. When last I saw him he seemed absorbed in some deep rooted plan of which he told me nothing. During this interval he has written several letters all urging me on in my work on the Path, it evidently being his intention to hurry along my course for a special reason. Before leaving Spain after my last retrospect he called me into the "Gold Room" of his castle for a talk. "Alf, he said, "your earth affairs are drawing to a climax. This world madness is growing to the extent that much of the present order is likely to be changed before the might of madmen who are, to a great extent, in power and control of the destiny of many nations. Our Sorrowful Star has entered into a phase of her existence which can easily spell great disaster. We of the Invisible Government are doing all we can to check the power of the Dark Forces who have gained considerable impetus as a result of the last World War. At present the evil forces which to a considerable extent dominate the lower stratum of the Desire World have permeated the atmosphere of our physical world, and if their activities are not checked, this could mean a cataclysm of major proportions. Foreseeing this, the powers for Good are using every person qualified on the visible plane to assist

in the work being carried on in the invisible world. Soon you will have arrived at a period in your development where death will mean little to you and you can forestall the natural order of events. It is my greatest ambition while here to prepare you to join Marian in the heaven world where she awaits you, to begin your new work. Should our social order revert before you are ready it would prove disastrous for you two. So, Alf, be careful as you never were before for the Great Ones are interested in your case and are giving you all aid possible. When you are ready I will send for you and you must lose no time in coming to me. We are changing our headquarters to a secret place."

So I worked and waited, and in the meantime the World War continued to gain momentum. Nation after nation became involved in it, many being slain and others forced to join the army of their conquerors.

It was in October that I got the call from Raymond to come to Spain. He sent a trimotor pursuit plane for me



and we left Croydon airport secretly at night. Rapidly we climbed to an altitude of several thousand feet and headed south. Inside the cabin were a crew of four men besides Sanchez, who was Raymond's close attendant, an expert pilot, a mechanic, a radio operator, and two machine gunners whose grim instruments of death stood at port holes on each side of the plane.

Soon we approached the coast of Spain

without sighting a single airship and the lights of San Sebastian glowed beneath us like diamond pin points. We skirted the city to the left and were soon past the place flying south with the tall peaks of the Pyrenees close at hand. I looked at Sanchez who was at the controls and shouted, "I thought we were to land here." He shook his head and spoke one word. "Andorra."

After an hour of flying we turned sharply to the east through a gap in the mountains between two peaks, and I could see dimly a small valley with the top of pine trees a thousand feet below. We swept on to where a beacon was lit in an open space and spiralled down to a perfect landing close up against a rocky cliff in the mountains.

As we climbed from the cabin a man was standing near by in the gloom. It was Raymond who came forward with outstretched hand and greeted me quietly. "Welcome to headquarters, Alf. This is our temporary home until we leave Europe entirely. Are you ready for your promotion?"

"Yes. Ready and anxious."

"That is well. This is your big night. You are lucky, Alf, for one of the Great Ones is here. Great events are looming up for the future and our people are getting ready to serve the purpose for which we have been striving. Evil Forces have concentrated their power of destruction. The powers for Good are also ready to act. Follow me."

As we walked toward the cliff which rose sheer for over a hundred feet I noticed for the first time what the darkness and the trees had concealed—a long rambling stone house setting close in against the rocky bluff. A dim light from within cast a faint glow which showed the way through a central door into a hall which led straight back into the mountain. Halfway down the hall a curtain camouflaged a door leading off to the right into a passage which turned off at right angles. Here it was brightly lighted and the side walls of the pas-

sage were hung with tapestry from which glowed small colored lights. At some distance down this passage way Raymond paused and gave a peculiar knock on a concealed door and we were admitted to an anteroom. Here we were scrutinized and then, recognizing my guide, we were passed on into a large dimly lighted room where at least a hundred men were sitting along the side walls. On a raised dais at one end of the room was an empty seat. In front of this Raymond seated me and said: "He who is in charge will soon occupy the dais."

Almost at once the room was in the most complete darkness and the stillness became painful; and although I was glad for what was about to happen it was with a certain amount of trepidation that I faced Initiation. I realized that this was the hour for which I had worked and striven but being human, there was a vague fear in knowing that the experience was so near. This feeling was growing within me, when suddenly I heard the voice of the Great One, more melodious than any music, like the tones of a violin in the hands of a master. Then my soul took courage.

"Mortal," he said, "You who have come back from the land of the dead life, who have fought through the centuries the mental monster who corrupted your higher self—you who have had the strength to overcome this demon of your own making, it is a pleasure to accord to you the fruits of your victory over this Dweller on the Threshold which separated you from your higher life. I come here tonight to raise you to a loftier level and with the permission of those higher than I to cement you forever into a union in work with one who is beloved by all of us and through whose aid and compassionate help you have obtained your present status. I must, however, remind you that in taking this step you voluntarily give up your future work on earth. No more will the Universal Wheel of Time bring

you back to rebirth; but it is planned that you remain always with this companion in work, that the best results may be accomplished. Once more your feet are placed on the Path which leads to the Heights. Do you accept the mission?"

"Gladly," I cried. "It will be the crowning of all my hopes and aspirations."

"It is well. You are now ready to take up your advanced work."

At the close of the Initiation at which time I voluntarily gave up my dense body for work on a higher plane I passed through a state similar to unconsciousness. My first memory when I regained consciousness, was that I lay on a couch in a beautiful room and by my side sat Marian. I was aware that I had passed from earth to the heaven world and my whole being felt a buoyancy which was indescribable. Marian appeared to be clothed in a shimmering substance which I cannot describe, for no words of mine could convey the thought of how lovely it was or of how closely it blended with her ethereal self.

"Beloved," she said, and her voice was as the voice of the dawn. "At last we have arrived at the 'Gates of the Day' and the time has come for us to begin our great work together. Are you aware that you have passed from mortal existence?"

"Yes, I know it, Marian, but is it possible that we shall never again be parted? That always we will be able to work together, that from now on we will go hand in hand and finally enter together the city that lies Foursquare? Oh, my love, can such things be?"

"Of course, Alf. For centuries we have waited for this time, but now the waiting is over."

"Beloved, what a wonderful woman you are. How patiently you have waited, century after century for my errant self. I can never appreciate you enough; but I shall try. You have led me this far—now what is the next

step?" Marian's smile was radiant.

"You are aware that you are in heaven are you not, and that our work is here?"

"Yes, I know where I am, and with you here this could be nothing less than heaven."

Hand in hand, like the two children we were, we walked along viewing the magnificent scenery. As we approached a splendid building whose marble steps led down to a green, tree dotted lawn, we encountered charming men and lovely women who greeted us on all sides, smiling a welcome with gay gestures and friendly words. I noticed that they were all in the bloom of mature youth—each one dressed somewhat differently from the others, yet the robes seemed to be made of the same quality of material. Some distance in front of the building the lawn edged the ocean where the waves broke on the white sands in little ripples. A broad esplanade ran adjacent to the water around the entire circle of the bay, and setting back among the trees were pavilions where music, such as I had never heard before swelled out in waves of melody. All there were cheerful and gay, moving about with rhythmic grace.

"Come, beloved," said Marian, "now, we must make a social call. I have an aunt whose husband has just come over and she is expecting us to meet him. Uncle Will was over seventy when he passed from the earth. She has waited over fifty years for him to come, and has made all preparations for their reunion. Here we are!"

We turned aside and followed a walk through the trees to a beautiful bungalow colored cream and orange. The reception hall was filled with people all seeming about the same age and here was something puzzling to me. When I was presented to Marian's uncle whom I knew had just died at over seventy, he had the appearance of a man of thirty, so I asked her about it.

"It is that way with all who come

here, Alf. They are neither very old or very young who come from earth in their late years, and those who die after the age of adolescence get older in appearance until they reach what would have been their flower of man or womanhood on earth; so all appear to be about the same age to newcomers. We who have been here long don't notice it. Children stay here only a few years and are then reborn in the physical world again. Husbands who wish it, meet their former wives here if they both desire, and it is so arranged. If not they do not meet. There is no unpleasantness or unhappiness here nor in the higher spheres where all go eventually."

We wandered away from Marian's relatives and strolled into a park where the grass and the trees and the beautiful colored flowers beggared description. Every bed of blossoms seemed so well and expertly tended. I asked Marian who cared for the flowers.

"No one in particular," she replied. I arranged them for our especial benefit before you came. You make what you wish here with the power of thought; so I pictured the most beautiful surroundings that I could for you. When we grow tired of it or wish any of it changed we can do it by wishing it otherwise. Do you see that large mansion through the tree tops on the promontory facing the ocean? That will be our residence while we are here if we wish it. We don't say today, tonight, nor tomorrow in this world for time doesn't exist here and there is neither night nor day. We just exist and work and do the things we wish to do, and above all, we love everyone impersonally and universally. There is no difference in people here as there is on earth; no English, nor Germans, nor Americans. No Negroes, Chinese, or other races; all are one kind, or soon become so, after they come here."

As we talked there came over me the overwhelming fear that after all something might happen to interfere with

our work together, which had been delayed for so many centuries, and a desire to forever put an end to our waiting surged through me. I said nothing of this to Marian but presently she drew close to me.

"Oh, my dear," she chided, "do not fear in this world. Put those things away from you—there is no room for them here in our lives. The centuries of struggle have brought their reward and we are forever united in our work. It has been promised by the great One himself. Cast all doubts from you, and embrace the happiness which is rightfully ours."

I looked at her beautiful serene face, her blue eyes with stars in them. There I saw adoration for me also and the unwanted thought came that perhaps we sinned by loving each other so much—that a punishment might come for our desire to always be together.

Suddenly a look of alarm came over Marian's face and she cried: "Alf, stop it. Don't hold those thoughts. It won't do. Get rid of them for they will interfere with our future work. You must know, beloved, that everything about you—even your thoughts are mine now. We are so near that even our thinking is known to each and affects each other."

She took my hand and led me to a house on the promontory facing the ocean, and though it was a long way off, we were there instantly. The halls and rooms of the magnificent structure seemed made of crystal and the lights which came from some concealed source caused the objects in the rooms to scintillate and sparkle like the sun on dew or a myriad of diamonds. The rooms were full of people all busily engaged in various occupations. I had never seen any of these people before yet I seemed to know them all. Greetings came from every side. "Every one is busy here," Marian told me, "and they all work for love because each is doing the thing he is most interested in."

(To be continued)


MAX HEINDEL'S MESSAGE

Taken from His Writings

Christian Mystic Initiation



The second in a series of articles on the subject of Initiation, of vital interest to all students of philosophy, ancient and modern.

 HE Christian Mystic form of Initiation differs radically from the Rosicrucian method, which aims to bring the Candidate to compassion through knowledge and therefore seeks to cultivate in him the latent faculties of spiritual sight and hearing at the very start of his career as an aspirant to the Higher Life, teaching him to know the hidden mysteries of being and to perceive intellectually the unity of each with all so that at last through this knowledge there is awakened within him the feeling that makes him truly realize his oneness with all that lives and moves, which puts him in full and perfect tune with the infinite, a true helper and worker in the divine kingdom of evolution.

The goal attained through the Christian Mystic Initiation is the same, but the method, as said, is entirely different. In the first place the candidate is usually unconscious of trying to attain any definite object, at least during the first stages of his endeavors, and there is in this noble school of Initiation but one Teacher—the Christ, who is ever before the spiritual vision of the candidate as the Ideal and the Goal of all his striving.

The Western World, alas, has become

so enmeshed in intellectuality that its people can only enter the Path when their reason has been satisfied, and unfortunately, it is desire for more knowledge which brings most of the pupils to the Rosicrucian School. It is an arduous task to cultivate in them the compassion which must blend with, and be the guiding factor in the use of their knowledge before they are fitted to enter the Kingdom of Christ; but those who are drawn to the Christian Mystic Path feel no difficulty of that nature. They have within themselves an all embracing love which urges them onward and eventually generates in them a knowledge which the writer believes to be far superior to that attained by any other method. One who follows the intellectual Path of Development is apt to superciliously sneer at another whose temperament impels him along the Mystic Path.

Such an attitude of mind is not only detrimental to the spiritual development of whoever entertains it, but is entirely gratuitous, as the works of Jacob Boehme, Thomas a Kempis, and many others who have followed the Mystic Path, will show. The more knowledge we possess the greater condemnation also shall we merit if we do not use it right. But love, which is the basic principle in the Christian Mystic's life, can never bring us into condemnation or conflict with the purposes of God. It is infinitely better to be able to feel

noble emotions than to have the keenest intellect which is able to define them all; hairsplitting over the constitution and evolution of the atom will surely not promote soul growth as much as humble helpfulness toward our neighbor.

There are nine definite steps in the Christian Mystic Initiation, commencing with the Baptism which is dedicatory; the Annunciation and Immaculate Conception precede as matters of course, for reasons given later; and having prepared our minds by the foregoing considerations, we are now ready to consider each stage in this glorious process of spiritual unfoldment separately.

The Annunciation and Immaculate Conception

The Christian Mystic is emphatically not the product of one life, but the flower of many preparatory existences during which he has cultivated that sublime compassion which makes him feel the whole world's woe and conjures up before his spiritual vision the Christ Ideal as the true balm of Gilead, the only palladium against all human grief and sorrow. Such a soul is watched over with special care by the Divine Hierarchies who have charge of our progression along the Path of evolution, and when the time is ripe for him to enter that life in which he is to run the final race to reach the goal, and become a Saviour of his kind, angels are indeed watching, waiting, and singing hosannas in joyful anticipation of the great event.

Like always seeks like, and naturally the parentage is carefully selected for (and by), such a noble soul, among the "sons and daughters of the King." They may be in the poorest circumstances from a worldly point of view; it may be necessary to cradle the babe in a manger, but no richer gift ever came to parents than such a noble soul and among the qualifications necessary to be the parents

of such an one is the requirements that the mother must be a virgin, and the father a builder.

It is stated in the Bible that Joseph was a *carpenter* but the Greek word is "tekton" which means "builder." In Mystic Masonry God is called the Grand Architect. *Arche* is the Greek word signifying the primordial substance and "tekton" is builder, for God is the Great Master Builder, who out of the primordial substance fashioned the world as an evolutionary field for various grades of beings. He uses in his universe many *tektons*, or builders, of various grades, and everyone who follows the Path of Spiritual attainment, endeavoring to work constructively with the laws of nature as a servant of humanity is a "tekton," or builder, in the sense necessary to aid in giving birth to a great soul. Thus, when it is said that Jesus was a carpenter and the son of a carpenter we understand that they were both "tektons," or builders, along cosmic lines.

The Immaculate Conception, like all other sublime mysteries, has been dragged down into the gutter of materiality, and being so sublimely spiritual, it has perhaps suffered more by this rude treatment than any of the other spiritual teachings. Perhaps it has suffered even more from the clumsy explanations of ignorant supporters, than from the jeers and sneers of the cynic.

(To be continued)

CAUSE OF WAR

(Continued from page 394)

Through controlled, constructive, sound thinking the emotions, desires, and nervous energies are whipped into shape.

Each individual can help strengthen the peace of the world by understanding himself. Understanding the cause of his emotions, and putting his own house in order by right thinking, is his contribution to lasting world peace.

A ROSICRUCIAN CATECHISM

• • •

The Evolutionary Scheme

Q. What course is followed in the evolutionary scheme?

A. The evolutionary scheme is carried through five of the seven Worlds in seven great Periods of Manifestation, during which the virgin spirit, or evolving life, becomes first, man—then, a God.

Q. What is the origin of the virgin spirits?

A. At the beginning of Manifestation God differentiates *within* (not *from*) Himself these virgin spirits, as sparks from a Flame, of the same nature, capable of being fanned into Flames themselves.

Q. How are the sparks fanned into Flames?

A. Evolution is the fanning process which is to accomplish that end.

Q. What possibilities do the virgin spirits possess?

A. In the virgin spirits are enfolded all the possibilities of their Divine Father, including the germ of independent Will, which makes them capable of originating new phases, not latent in them.

Q. How do the latent possibilities differ from the independent Will?

A. The latent *possibilities* are transformed into dynamic powers and available faculties during evolution, while the independent Will institutes new and original departures—or Epigenesis.

Q. Where is the virgin spirit before it begins its pilgrimage through matter?

A. Prior to the beginning of that pilgrimage the virgin spirit is in the World of Virgin Spirits, the next to the highest of the seven Worlds. It has Divine Consciousness, but *not Self-consciousness*. That, Soul-power, and the Creative Mind are faculties or pow-

ers attained to by evolution.

Q. How does immersion in the World of Divine Spirit affect the virgin spirit?

A. The virgin spirit is blinded and rendered utterly unconscious by that matter. It is as oblivious to outside conditions as is man when in deepest trance. This state of unconsciousness prevails during the First Period.

Q. What is the state of consciousness of the virgin spirit in the ensuing periods?

A. In the Second Period it rises to the dreamless sleep state; in the Third Period it reaches the dream stage, and in the middle of the Fourth Period, at which we have now arrived, the full waking consciousness of man is attained.

Q. To which World does man's present consciousness pertain?

A. This is a consciousness pertaining to only the lowest one of the seven Worlds. During the remaining half of this Period, and the entire three remaining Periods, man must expand his consciousness so as to include all of the six Worlds above this Physical World.

Q. How was descending man aided in building his bodies?

A. When man passed through the various Worlds in his descent his energies were directed by higher Beings, who assisted him to turn his unconscious energy *inward* for the building of proper vehicles. At last, when he was far enough advanced and equipped with the threefold body as a necessary instrument, these higher Beings "opened his eyes" and turned his gaze *outward* upon the Chemical Region of the Physical World, that his energies might conquer it.

(Reference: *Cosmo*, pages 188-190)

WESTERN WISDOM BIBLE STUDY

...

"The Lord Looketh on the Heart"



But the Lord said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for the man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.

I Sam. 16:7.

Because we are told that the faces of those who have attained spiritually shine with peace and beauty and their forms glow with strength and perfection, we mistakenly use this as a criterion of soul development among our fellow men. We look upon the placid, contented mien and healthy body of a person who complacently drifts over life's difficulties and envy him the "spirituality" that leaves his countenance comparatively untouched by the ravages of Life and Time. But let us not envy the unscarred visage of a soldier who has not yet faced his foes: the sang-froid of the indifferent soul in this world of magnificent struggle.

At our stage of human evolution the faces of sincere aspirants might well show signs of purposeful suffering. Life at this point in conscious development could hardly be lightly coped with. Aware now of the purpose of physical existence, the great Goal and the conquests that bear us to it, we should find ourselves in the throes of a mighty conflict, not a restful siesta. Each day should witness a conscientious battle with "enemies that lurk within," a struggle with age-entrenched habits, passion, worry, fear, pain. This subjects us to the refiner's fire that hurts and that sears the vessel that holds it. In this liberating crucible of evolving

gods the human elements are the least to be considered; the conflict is for supremacy of the spiritual over the physical and during the refashioning the clay would naturally reveal the imprint of the Potter's hand.

Let us nobly wear the scars of such an honorable battle, "the only war," says Max Heindel on page 157 of *Letters to Students*, "in which a true Christian should fight, and one which a true Christian ought to wage unflinchingly and without quarter—the war against the lower nature.

"Are we not all suffering spiritually because of the conflict within ourselves? I hope there is but one answer, namely, that this inner war is being waged fiercely and unremittingly by every Fellowship student; for where there is no struggle there is a sure indication of spiritual coma. . . the fiercer the fight, the more hopeful our spiritual state."

And in addition to his own sufferings such an evolving soul so grows in compassion that he feels in himself the sufferings of his fellow men. We read that Jesus wept, but nowhere that he laughed. The heart of the truly compassionate is heavy with his brother's woe.

So let us not be ashamed of the footprints of the Soul on the sands of the flesh. When the battle is won, the confusion and dust of the conflict cleared away so the beauty and power of the spirit can shine through, then indeed will the triumphant one radiate peace beyond human touch or understanding, and in the light of his countenance will many find strength and comfort unto their souls.

Astrology Department

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Saturn, Friend or Foe?

By EVE M. BACON

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven, If in your bright leaves we would read the fate Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven, If in our aspirations to be great, Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state, And claim a kindred with you.—Lord Byron.



SATURN, that dark mystical planet in one's horoscope. What does it mean in your chart—despair, or your soul's salvation? It can mean either, depending upon your free will and spiritual discernment.

Saturn is a much maligned planet. How often have you heard people say, "I can't help it, my Saturn is against me." But you *can* help it if you want to and have the spiritual stamina to accept defeat again and again, then pick yourself up and come back for more.

The obstructing, limiting qualities of Saturn are not easy to overcome; and in order to defeat its perverse power we must use its own characteristic qualities, patience, perseverance, and steadfastness. A tiny drop of water, in time, will wear away a stone; and in the continuous day by day practice of rigid will power we can likewise wear away the stony nature of Saturn's limitations.

The best motto for a person bound by a limiting Saturn is the Biblical proverb, "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good." One of the finest examples of this is given in the book of Job, for Job indeed had the mental quality needed for overcoming the perverse saturnine vibration.

To understand the best way to over-

come Saturn one must first understand its intrinsic nature and how these characteristics are transmitted to the human consciousness.

One of the keywords of Saturn is obstruction. But note that the word itself does not indicate finality. An obstruction can be removed. Wherever Saturn is placed in an individual's chart indicates the place where his or her greatest lesson in life is needed. It is the point of vulnerability where we have been weak in past incarnations and must now build up strength. The seed atom of our former lives contains the essence of our spiritual consciousness on this plane. We are evolving Egos, given free will to discern between good and evil. Where we have failed before we must learn *now*, or return again and again until we do learn our lesson, thus wasting precious time on our evolutionary path.

When the great clock of cosmic time marks our descent into matter we bring with us this saturnine influence wherever we need it to help us progress. Thus we waken to heavy responsibilities, dull labor, or physical handicaps; material matter to be transmuted into spiritual substance.

One of the first adverse characteristics of Saturn that comes to mind is self-

interest or selfishness. If we manifest this trait and do nothing to overcome it, then assuredly we have done nothing to transmute matter into spirit. Self-love is the mark of a small soul and a particularly disagreeable characteristic because it fosters so many other lesser undesirable qualities. If you notice, a selfish person never hesitates to be rude, is often sarcastic, always inconsiderate unless by consideration he sees some gain for himself.

The only way to combat any undesirable trait is to practice its exact opposite, and concentrate one's energies on attaining the desired goal. The antithesis of selfishness is self-less-ness. To change a selfish nature into a selfless one, is perhaps the greatest struggle for any Ego. It is a spiritual fight in which one cannot look to another for help. But perhaps because it is one of the hardest of all spiritual struggles it is also one of the most remunerative in spiritual gain. Even the first overcoming of self for others will bring a joy that one has never experienced before; and each victory gained will bring greater depths of understanding. For the true meaning of life as the Master Initiate gave it to us, is found only in a truly selfless life.

Perhaps because Saturn rules our safety urges in life is the reason why selfishness is so difficult to overcome. But if we constantly remind ourselves that the only real security is spiritual security, we can overcome, thought by thought, step by step, day by day, Saturn's tendencies and transform the negative pole of selfishness to the positive pole of selflessness.

Another basic characteristic of Saturn is Fear. And fear itself is the parent

of so many lesser faults—suspicion, mental depression, pessimism, and that bug-a-boo, an inferiority complex. Truly, the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt never spoke more eloquent words than when he said, "We have nothing to fear but fear itself." For fear is a crystallizing emotion. It paralyzes mental as well as physical functions and dries up the wellspring of our At-one-ness with God.

The opposite of fear is courage; and by courage the saturnine quality of Fear can be overcome. The best method of starting on this work is through planned action. One must, by quiet persistence, work up a mental attitude

that is in tune with God and His plan of one's own existence. When worries and fears crowd upon us we should sit down and reason quietly as to the best method of procedure. Know first, that any evil that comes to us is *not* a punishment from heaven but only a reaping of seed we have sown ourselves. Remember that life is made for experience, and we should not be afraid of it! For by

HOW PLANETS AFFECT US

Astrological influence does *not* come from the *physical* planets. It is the *Life of God* diffused through the Rays of the Sun and mingled with the vibrations of the Indwelling Spirits of the planets and of the beings who live upon their surface. These composite vibrations, impinging upon the earth at the moment of a child's birth, stamp its finer vehicles with the pattern of its inherent character, and *Character is Destiny*.

experience only, can we learn of life, and all growth is pain. If we would look back over the past in our meditation we would find that many of the things we feared most never came to pass. We should study carefully the trials that come; and how we meet them. What did we learn from them? If we are honest with ourselves we shall begin to see the "why" of past events and our understanding will give us faith and fearlessness for the future. When fears persist let us remember that a continued thought will crystallize into matter and we are only drawing calamity toward ourselves rather than overcoming it. When dark trials do come,

let us know that all things work together for good even when our mortal understanding cannot encompass the great Plan of Life.

One of the greatest human powers on earth is the human mind and everyone has it developed to some degree. We can do anything we want to do if we want to do it intensely enough. If our negative Saturn indicates selfishness we have free will to make it selflessness. If we are fearful, we can be fearless. Let us give the positive qualities of Saturn a chance, those qualities that are among the best in the world—patience, persistence, thoroughness, determination, and endurance. If we work *with* our Saturn rather than against it, we shall find construction where obstruction has been before. And let us remember, the evil resulting from Saturn is not in failing, but in giving up! Better say with Job, "Yea, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

A third natural characteristic of Saturn is Materialism. The great danger in this worldly trait is that the Spirit is apt to become so immersed in matter that its higher qualities are likely to be crushed out.

The strong saturnine person often is so wrapped up in business and the pursuits of worldly affairs that he gives no thought to the higher life. He may be honest and upright to a high degree, walking in honor and wronging no person, yet his whole attention is centered on worldly security. For this type of person, meditation on the thought, "There is no security but spiritual security," should develop the knowledge that will guide him to a higher life.

There is no argument that we do not need the necessities for daily life. We do; but the temptation to let them become the foremost interest in life is a danger to the Spirit. To put material things in their rightful place and to recognize them only as labor saving devices which give us leisure so that we may have more time to raise our

thoughts toward spiritual realities, should be our goal, and not passion for possessions.

One of the pitiful things about the materialist is that he firmly believes everything ends with death. And when he does pass on and finds that consciousness does not end with the cessation of breath, he is indeed in a lamentable state. Because he has immersed himself so deeply in materialism, he is almost beyond help and suffers in the lower regions of the Desire World much longer than do other people. And until he turns his mind and thoughts toward God his evolution will be retarded, though he return again and again to the earth plane.

An outstanding example of how the restricting influence of an afflicted Saturn can be transmuted into sustaining qualities, is illustrated by the life of Hans Christian Andersen. Known and loved by children and grown-ups alike for his magic fairy tales, this man overcame afflictions of Saturn that would have defeated many a weaker soul.

Born in April 1805 at Odense, Denmark, Andersen had his Saturn in Libra, in direct opposition to the Sun and Mercury, opposition the Ascendant and square the Midheaven. This unfortunate configuration started him out in life with a handicap, for his head was misshaped almost to the point of deformity. His nose was very large, his eyes so small as to be almost hidden beneath his brows. His gait was ungainly all through life, and his hands and feet unusually large and awkward.

His natal environment was against him for he came into the world just barely lacking by two months the stigma of illegitimacy. His father was a poor shoemaker and his mother a washer-woman fifteen years older than her husband. There was an illegitimate half-sister, an aunt of questionable morals, and an insane grandfather.

Hans lived with his father and

mother, crowding into one room all the activities of living. The shoemaker's bench occupied most of the space left by the bed, and other furniture was almost non-existent. When he was eleven years old his father died and very soon afterward he was sent to a school for poor children. But even at this early age his creative imagination was beginning to assert itself and he began to cultivate anyone whom he could interest in his literary ambitions. He was snubbed unmercifully by his companions and but for his rigid determination never to give in to circumstances, he might easily have been lost in the crowd and forgotten. But he took his Saturn by the horns and turned defeatism into success; gloom into good will and by sheer force of character unwaveringly set his mind upon becoming "quality."

His mother married again two years after the death of Hans's father, a drunken sot, who forced her to wash endless clothes in order to earn their living. Standing long hours in the river washing clothes, she became more and more rheumatic and was of little help to her ambitious son. Under such circumstances Hans easily persuaded his mother to let him go to Copenhagen when he was fourteen, to seek his fortune.

Arriving in Copenhagen he found a patron and was admitted to the Royal Theatre's singing school, and he became a pupil of the singing master, Siboni. Encouraged by such unusual good fortune, his spiritual stamina almost staggered under Saturn's lash, when, through a series of winter colds, he lost his voice and was dismissed from the school. But he rallied from despair and helped by charitable friends he again renewed his determination to be someone. Hounded by an inferiority complex because of his ungainly appearance, and keenly aware that at times the preservation of his very life was due to his charitable friends, he bravely rallied his courage and fought

his way onward inch by inch. His lack of schooling was a great handicap to his progress. He turned to writing in hopes of selling a manuscript; but his work, hampered by lack of an adequate education, was rejected. One editor, however, recognized the inherent genius and talent in his work, and through influential friends secured a royal grant for the boy's education. He was seventeen when he entered school again, placed in a class with little boys in the equivalent of what today would be the second grade. An object of derision from teachers and pupils alike, his life became a humiliating agony. Loneliness, hardship, and emotional torture were his daily companions for years; but he never lost sight of his ultimate goal. Fighting his way upward through the maze of history, mathematics, science, Latin, and Greek, in 1828 he passed his final examinations with credit.

From here on Hans Christian Ander-

(Continued on page 432)

Horoscopes for Subscribers' Children

If you would like to avail yourself of a possible opportunity to have your child's HOROSCOPE delineated in this department, subscribe to this Magazine for one year, and accompany your subscription with an application for a reading. RENEWALS count the same as a subscription. Readings are given for children up to 16 YEARS of age. They include a general character, health, and vocational analysis.

ONE name only is drawn each month, but this gives you twelve opportunities a year for a reading. Note particularly, however, in order to AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT, that due to the large number of applications, the chance of any particular name being drawn is unavoidably quite small. Be sure to give: Name, Sex, Birthplace; Date Hour, and Minute of birth, as nearly as possible. Also particularly state if *Daylight Saving Time* was in effect.

NOTE: We neither set up nor read horoscopes anywhere EXCEPT in this Magazine.



The Children of Virgo, 1945

Birthdays: August 24 to September 23.

PEOPLE born in the practical, mental sign Virgo seem primarily concerned with satisfactory adjustment to the requirements of life. Seeking always what is exact and fitting, Virgos calculate and study to regulate all things to schedule or reduce them to original principles. Life is viewed with cool discrimination; things are seen as they are—without emotion or glamor—and evaluated accordingly. Rarely lacking is an interest in better moral, technical, or living standards obtainable through analysis, purification, and correction. Virgos are usually alert, discreet, dextrous, versatile, discerning. Over-development of the mentality can make them cold, skeptical, cynical, and overly critical. These traits and being peevish, fussy, or officious may antagonize others, though these people may be admired or respected for their abilities and morality.

Keenly interested in the results obtainable through applied knowledge and work usually make Virgos very industrious, taking pride in being willing

competent, painstaking; in giving expert care to detail. A common fault is straining over trifles while losing sight of more important issues. Many are drawn to occupations or professions where highly specialized or scientific training is necessary.

An emphasis upon right living and physical efficiency creates an active interest in the care of the body through exercise, diet, hygiene, and various forms of therapy. However, the same interest can prove detrimental should it lead to needless anxiety over symptoms or imaginary ailments; and, when sick, negative thinking or the expectation of solicitude from others could prolong illness. When not overly suggestive or faddistic, Virgos excel as nurses, doctors, and promoters of public health through natural methods. Others become druggists, chemists, technicians, research experts.

Children born between September 7th and 22nd, 1945, should be of an orderly, reliable, industrious character, capable of well-considered and constructive action in all circumstances. Perseverance, foresight, and organizing ability should enable them to attain success

ultimately in spite of delays or hardships. Sun squaring Uranus from August 30th to September 19th indicates that the children born then will need training in humility, unselfishness, cooperation, and relaxation to avoid the pitfalls of egotism, vanity, sensitivity, and erratic self-will. Otherwise, eccentric, or disruptive action could do injury to themselves or their aims in time of emotional stress.

The conjunction of Jupiter and Neptune (lasting for some time) will make its subtle influence more or less apparent in the lives of all Virgos born this year depending upon their spiritual sensitivity; especially for those born from September 19th to 22nd when the Sun joins the humane, spiritual planets. Outstanding talent, lofty ideals, and occult activities are indicated.

Those with birthdays between August 24th and September 4th have Mercury sextile both Mars and Uranus. The former (active until the 17th) gives the power, initiative, alertness, and skill to take quick advantage of opportunity and become proficient in some occupation or trade. The sextile to Uranus gives cleverness, independence, adroitness, and unusual ability in mechanical, scientific, or literary work. Most of these traits may be apparent in those born from September 16th to 22nd when Mercury squares Uranus; but in them, unless overcome, self-will, conceit, perversity, and a lack of tact and discretion could cause much unnecessary trouble. After the 19th, Mercury sextiles Saturn giving the mental depth, practical common sense, and self-control needed for constructive achievement.

Venus is conjunct Saturn from August 24th to 30th, and with Pluto from then until September 11th. The former is a serious, limiting aspect indicating need of willing self-sacrifice, generosity, and a contented, loving, forgiving attitude so as not to become too exacting, harsh, envious, or demand-

ing. Over attachment to a parent, to duty, or material things may have to be overcome. The conjunction with Pluto may deepen and intensify the affections, but may also result in problems requiring sympathy and kindness.

Fortunately, those born between August 25th and September 6th have Venus sextile Jupiter—a highly beneficent and protective influence from which considerable peace, love, luxury, grace, charm, and other blessings may be expected. The refining, spiritualizing influence of Venus sextile Neptune (August 29th to September 9th) can manifest as good taste, creative imagination, and soul-satisfying affection from others.

All Virgos born in 1945 have Mars square Jupiter, suggesting a great need of learning moderation, not only in regard to their appetites, desires, and feelings, but also in their work, religion, expenditures, beliefs, adventures, etc., so as to avoid the consequences of overstrain, overexertion, and other extremes. Even more difficult is the square Mars forms to Neptune from September 3rd to 22nd which involves the imagination negatively and gives the tendency to believe whatever one desires. Because drugs, intoxicants, sensationalism, impure imaginations, psychic phenomena, and objectionable associates are particularly dangerous for them, rigid self-control, straightforwardness, and clean, honorable living are especially essential. Mars conjunct Uranus between August 24th and 31st is an indication that those born then will have much determination, courage, and strong, positive traits, but may need greater patience, tact, cooperation, and honesty.

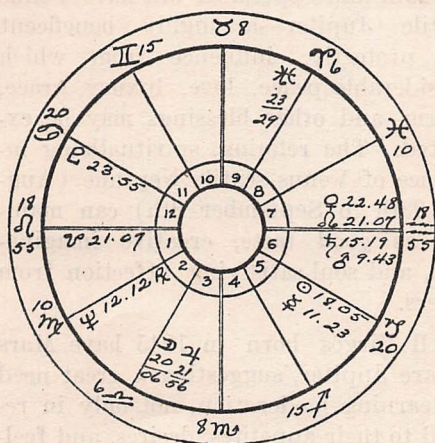
Pluto sextiles Neptune all the solar month and Jupiter after September 17th, promising participation in a more ideal and humane social order during adult life.

Reading for a Subscriber's Child

RONALD L.

Born January 8, 1934, 7:25 P.M.

Latitude 45 N. Longitude 93 W.



The strong sign Leo rising trine (good) Uranus in the 9th house, the home of the higher mind, in the sign of Aries, the head, shows that Ronald is a sensitive, high-strung type, full of power and energy, which if harnessed and made to work for his progress instead of allowing the erratic and temperamental side of Uranus to rule, will give him his rightful place at the top in the world of affairs.

Uranus in the 9th house, sextile Venus and the Dragon's Head (a Jupiter influence), will take him into the field of statesmanship. Uranus, the ruler of Aquarius, on the cusp of the 7th house, that of public affairs further bears this out. The Sun is square Uranus, and Ronald has an opposition to both Moon and Jupiter in the 3rd house, the home of the concrete mind. This means that it will be imperative that Ronald use the close trine of Mercury in Capricorn to Neptune in Virgo, ruled by Mercury, to avoid the dangers expressed through the square and opposition to Uranus. This can be done by

self-control, having a keen interest in people and their activities, as well as having several hobbies to give expression to his fine creative mind.

Moon and Jupiter conjunct in Libra and trine Venus in Aquarius give a decided talent in music and art—all branches attract him but the violin is his best medium. Venus in the 7th house will take him before the public, and as he has Neptune in the 2nd house, the home of his finances, he will gain financially from his work.

Having Mercury and the Sun in the 5th house, the home of entertainment and teaching, indicates that Ronald will be able to teach and that he has the ability to attract people to him.

Mars and Saturn in the sign Aquarius in the 6th house, show ability for work; and both of these planets indicate a basic quality of steadiness and power. Ronald will have the necessary inner fortitude to live a full, active life. Saturn is coruler with Uranus in Aquarius, and Ronald's development should be orderly, continuous, and interesting.

Saturn is a fine teacher and co-worker when we labor in harmony with him; but he becomes the stern and unyielding taskmaster when we work against his orderly systematic methods of progress.

Neptune in the 2nd house trine (good) the Sun in Capricorn—Ronald's pathway to honor and glory, will give him the ability to work for his own glory and through his own efforts he will gain his rightful place in the world. He is not afraid of work, is fearless in stepping out in the world, has a good, level head, pleasing personality, and a great deal of talent.

It is the results of what we set into motion in early life, be they good or evil, that we reap in later years.

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ADVICE

THIS PAGE is a free service for readers—whether subscribers or not. Advice is based on the horoscope; therefore please give us the following information: Sex,

place of birth; year, day of month, and hour; full name. No readings given except in this Magazine and ONLY FOR PERSONS 16 to 45 YEARS OF AGE.—EDITOR.

Teacher. Publisher

GLENN V. McC.—Born July 28, 1908, 10:00 P.M. Lat. 39 N. Long. 82 W. Glenn has three planets in the 5th house, the home of teaching and children, also that of printing and publishing. Having two planets and the Dragon's Head, a Jupiter influence, in the 3rd house, instinctual mind, writing, et cetera, with a sextile to Jupiter from Pluto, our new planet, and Venus sextile to Mars would give creative ability in writing and would bring the greatest amount of soul growth and accomplishment into this man's life. Neptune and Mercury conjunct in the 4th house opposed to Uranus in Capricorn in the 10th indicates that Glenn should be persistent and patient in working toward the goal—creative writing and teaching and might for a time engage in both activities, until he could be assured of literary success.

Chemist. Accountant

LES L., Jr.—Born April 7, 1925, 7:45 A.M. Lat. 43 N. Long. 88 W. Les has Gemini rising with Mars posited in the 1st house sextile to Venus giving ability along the lines of writing, paper and pencil, and work with figures; but his greatest ability, as shown by the water signs points toward chemistry and its kindred expressions. Saturn in Scorpio trine Pluto should take him into the field of archaeology also.

Neptune, ruler of Pisces, is in the 4th house ruled by the Moon, a water planet. Mercury is in the 12th house, Pisces, again the Neptunian influence, all tending toward watery pursuits.

Saturn in Scorpio, the regenerative side of the nature, in the house of work and with the Moon in Virgo, shows ability for service in the world rather than

working in secluded places such as Mercury in the 12th house would require. via the figuring outlet.

Architect. Designer

EVERETT L. A.—Born February 16, 1910, 6:00 P.M. Lat. 37 N. Long. 90 W. Sun and Venus in Aquarius in the 6th house trine (good). Pluto in Gemini will take Everett into the field of creative building. Mercury, ruler of Ascendant, trine the Moon in Gemini in the 10th house, points the way of honor and glory. Uranus and Mercury in the 5th house will aid Everett in bringing his work into manifestation, as the 5th house is the home of printing and publishing.

Jupiter trine Venus in Aquarius will bring forth the creative ability, and as Saturn in Aries is sextile to Venus, Everett will find himself fully able to cope with his lessons found in Neptune square Saturn and Jupiter.

Teacher. Government

BEVERLY F. S.—Born September 8, 1923, 11:10 A.M. Lat. 48 N. Long. 122 W. Three planets, Mars, Venus, Sun in the sign of Virgo, health and service, will lead Beverly to government work, as these three planets are all in the 10th house, representing the government. Sun and Venus conjunct and sextile to Jupiter in Scorpio, medicine and healing, and in the 12th house, indicate aptitude for work in hospitals and other places of confinement. Note the two conjunctions—Sun and Venus, Moon and Neptune. Moon and Neptune in Leo show the fine link of mind and soul qualities working for the good of humanity, and that the best channel for this work would be teacher of the unfortunates for the government—such as social and racial adjustments.

Monthly News Interpreted

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Youth Revival

Today we've got to "Accentuate the Positive," . . . the "Positive" in this case being the teachings of Christ and world youth service.

We've also got to "keep the home fires burning," for defeat in the home means disaster in the nation. These are the prime objectives of our youth revival meetings at the Church of the Open Door and elsewhere.

The youngsters of today are "getting 'Hep'" to the gospel through meetings such as ours. We've brought religion out of the cloistered halls and put it out in the open where they can get a good, well-aired look at it. Jivesters and Jitterbugs, for all their immaturity, are intensely interested in knowing where and how to invest their lives.

It is our belief that getting the 'teen-agers' together on Saturday nights for music and singing and general good fellowship will induce them to work for cleaner, fuller living.

It is not our intention to compete with the churches . . . which are doing a fine job but we hope to "Revitalize" the Golden Rule in the hearts and minds of the bobby-sox brigade.

Now is the time . . . during this chaotic period of world history when we must attract the real interest of our quip-tongued modern youth in the Gospel and the teachings of Christ, if our civilization is to live and flourish.

A "Slick Chick" or a "Dapper Dan" is not past "Seeing the Light." Our program we feel, is geared to a "Spiritual naturalness" which will help the "bobby-sockers" and others toward a more realistic life, and toward world service, regardless of church or denomination.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

The *Youth for Christ* movement has spread like a prairie fire during the past year. Rallies and Saturday night "Jubilees" are being conducted in over 350 cities throughout America. Local business men, educators, and church leaders look over things generally and an executive committee arranges programs.

The inspiration comes principally, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell explained, from lively community singing. Fun is provided from Bible quizzes, colored films

of foreign countries, novelty entertainers. Youths from all ranks and races are rallied in these Saturday night roundups, and become interested in Sunday School and church services.

It is devoutly to be hoped that similar youth rallies may be conducted in every city in the world, particularly those where boys in the service go to spend their furloughs. In lamentable contrast to the above healthy and inspirational program is the report in a recent issue of *Newsweek* of troops going to the Riviera on leave. This article states that while it is not like a home leave—which all dream of—it does give the war-weary soldier a chance to rest on the beach, get himself a girl, or do what he likes while waiting for a ship. It can hardly be said there is a shortage of girls in this area. Marseille alone has an abundance of women, many of whom do not have a good influence on these men.

For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

Youth means activity, feeling, emotion; and it is the desire body, the vehicle composed of substance more rarefied than that of the physical body, and extending beyond the physical body from twelve to sixteen inches, which generates incentive to action.

As man progresses in the school of life his experiences teach him, and his desires become purer and better. Thus by degrees the material of his desire body undergoes a corresponding change. The purer and brighter material of the higher regions of the Desire World replaces the murky colors of the lower part. The desire body also grows in size, so that in a saint it is a glorious object to behold, the purity of its colors and its luminous transparency being beyond adequate simile.

To be young is to be filled with vitality, zest, and vigor, which are spurs to action. Shall the desire bodies of our boys and girls be excited by suggestive movies, salacious literature, drinking, and other devices designed to stimulate gratification of all the baser elements in their nature, or through such programs as the *Youth for Christ* movement, shall they be stirred and directed into clean, joyous activity which will produce nations of healthy-minded, progressive citizens?

Fraternalism and Peace

The real question in the world today is not whether we will be able to light the lamp of peace in 1945 or 1946, but rather whether we will be able to keep the wick trimmed and the right kind of oil in the lamp in 1975. If we do not keep enough oil of the right kind in the international lamp of peace, it may burn for a generation, but will then flicker and go out as it has so often in the past. If we put in the right kind of oil now and will start to manufacture an abundance of new oil for that time when the original supply runs low, the light of peace should grow brighter from generation to generation.

We all recognize the importance of preventing future wars. The continuous development of implements of destruction warns us that future wars will either exterminate the human race or force mankind to live underground like rats. Controlled missiles of destruction of increasing size are being shot through the stratosphere at lightning speed, for greater and greater distances. Space, natural obstacles and man-made barriers are no longer a protection to the people of any nation. Civilian lives and property can no longer be protected by strong armies in the field.

It is quite evident that we can never obtain permanent peace until we start loving the things that bring peace rather than the things that peace brings. Perhaps we have been guilty in the past, and are even guilty today, of looking at peace from a negative point of view. We are thinking and planning to take advantage of the benefits of peace rather than cultivating the qualities which are essential to preserve peace.—*The New Age*, April, 1945.

In November 1917 Max Heindel, who was the editor of the *Rosicrucian Magazine*, wrote a letter to his students referring to World War I, in which he stated:

"It needs no argument to prove that the present war has been much more destructive than any of the previous conflicts recorded in history, because it has been fought by men of *brain* rather than by men of *brawn*.

"The ingenuity which in times of peace has been turned to such good account in constructive enterprises has now been enlisted in the service of destruction, and it is safe to say that if another war is fought fifty or a hundred years hence, it may perhaps all but depopulate the earth; therefore a lasting peace is an absolute necessity from the standpoint of self-preservation, and no thinking man or woman can afford to brush aside without investigation any theory which is advanced as tending to make war impossible, even if they have been accustomed to regard it as a foolish fad."

The implements of destruction employed in World War II are certainly proving Max Heindel's statements to be true, and the facts given in the excerpt quoted bear out his predictions in a most startling manner. Note: "The continuous development of instruments of destruction warns us that future wars will either exterminate the human race or force mankind to live underground like rats."

And yet in the light of all that has taken place during this war which has not yet ended, there are a few supposedly intelligent people who oppose this latest attempt on the part of representative individuals from most of the countries of the world, to establish an organization for the prevention of any future World Wars, and this without a single tangible substitute.

It is the result of the massed thought of the people which has permitted wars in the past, and the only possible way to prevent them from developing in the future is to change the thoughts of the people from war to arbitration in the settlement of all difficulties, be they individual, national, or world-wide.

READERS' QUESTIONS

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Sixth Sense Revelations

Question:

Do you believe that it is really possible for anyone to actually know anything definite about life before birth and after death?

Answer:

Yes, indeed it is quite possible for one to know positively about life before birth and after death. Definite first-hand knowledge may be obtained by anyone who will take the *time* and *trouble* to develop the "sixth sense" which is latent in every one of us. When this sense is developed it opens our spiritual eyes so that we can perceive the spirits that are about to enter physical life by birth, and those who have just re-entered the beyond after death. Moreover, we see them just as clearly and definitely as we cognize people here on earth by means of our ordinary sight.

THE SOURCE OF BLOOD HEAT

Question:

What is the source of the heat in the blood, and why is blood heat necessary?

Answer:

The blood is the direct instrument of the Spirit which it uses to guide and control its vehicles. This it does by means of the heat in the blood which it generates itself. When the Spirit wills to think, it drives the blood, at the proper heat regulated by itself, to the brain; and it is the heat in the blood which raises the vibration of the brain cells and thereby stimulates mental action.

The larger portion of the total amount

of one's blood is always directed to that part of the body where at any given time the Spirit wishes to accelerate any particular activity. Heat in the blood is necessary in order for the Spirit to function in the body.

YOUR DEBTS OF DESTINY

Question:

I would like to ask why it is that some people have a life full of hardships, although they strive to the best of their ability to do what is right; while others who appear much less worthy, seem to have a far easier time.

Answer:

In the Third Heaven just before the Spirit is ready to return to earth for another life in a physical body, it, with the assistance of the Lords of Destiny, selects the karmic debts which it wishes to liquidate while on earth. An advanced Spirit will choose the hardest life possible so that it may the more quickly dissolve the burden of debt which it has accumulated in the past, for the more quickly that is liquidated the sooner will the Spirit be ready to go on to its highest mission.

On the other hand, it is said that "the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and the weaker Spirits who are unable to bear up under great hardships are therefore given what we consider easier lives, where they may pay their debts in small coin, so to speak, a little at a time. It will, however, take these Spirits a considerably longer time to liquidate their debts of destiny and go on to final liberation.

In the light of the foregoing it is evident that a life of ease is not only

undesirable but it is a real hindrance to spiritual progress. We may not like many of the hard lessons in life that come to us, but the harder the lesson the greater the effort required to master it; and it is this power of mastery developed, which makes the individual capable of accomplishing greater things.

CLAIRVOYANT SIGHT AS RELATED TO THE
PHYSICAL WORLD

Question:

What can the trained clairvoyant see on the physical plane that is not visible to the ordinary sight?

Answer:

The trained clairvoyant can see with more or less distinctness, according to his capacity and training, all of the different bodies which form the aura of man. The seat of the indwelling Spirit is situated between the eyebrows about half an inch below the surface of the skin at what is called "the root of the nose." This spot alone is hidden from him. This is the "Isis" whose veil none may lift. Not even the highest evolved being on earth is capable of unveiling the Spirit of the humblest and least developed creature. That and that alone upon earth is so sacred that it is absolutely safe from intrusion. Trained clairvoyants are also able to see the nature spirits which work with the earth and the plants growing out of it.

HINDRANCES TO PROGRESS

Question:

What are some of the real hindrances to true progress on the evolutionary path?

Answer:

If we allow our passions to run riot, if avarice and greed are the mainspring of our actions, if we indulge in thoughts of suspicion, hatred, revenge, and superciliousness, etc., we not only pre-

vent true progress, but we are likely to start our own retrogression. All of us during the course of evolution have developed some worth-while powers, but if we do not use these powers aright we are not fitted to do the greater work required of those who aspire to true attainment. Therefore we need not expect to develop spiritual powers or gain spiritual insight until we have, to a considerable extent, gained control over the lower nature and commenced to direct our activities toward unselfish service in helping those less fortunate than ourselves to find the way to become useful men and women.

THE VALUE OF TEMPTATION

Question:

Why is temptation necessary to soul growth?

Answer:

The feelings and emotions unchecked by knowledge are always fruitful sources of temptation. The very harmlessness and guilelessness of the individual often renders him an easy prey to sin. It is therefore necessary to soul growth that temptation come to all of us in order to bring out weak points. If we fall we suffer, but the pain evolves conscience and gives abhorrence for sin which makes us strong against later temptations. Every child is innocent because it has not been tempted; but only when we have been tempted and remained pure, or when we have fallen, repented, and reformed, are we truly virtuous.

There is nothing discreditable about being tempted. Temptations are simply tests which serve to reveal either weakness or strength of character. Even the great archangel Christ, after He entered the two lower vehicles of the man Jesus was tested—first in appeasing physical hunger, second to demonstrate His control of supernatural powers, and the third was a test of personal ambition.

NUTRITION AND HEALTH

• • •

Harmonizing Divine and Natural Environments

By LILLIAN R. CARQUE, SC. D.

Educational Director, Dietary Research Laboratories, Los Angeles 7, Calif.

O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue. He that has thee has little more to wish for.—Sterne



URIOUS old traditions and legends have flourished concerning the work of creation—stories of graven images, of mighty gods, and of enormous giants, rebellious and angry at times, often devastating by floods! Ancient Nordics, for example, visualized their god of tempests endowed with their own savage energy—the redoubtable and gigantic Thor—who, armed with a blacksmith's hammer and suspended over the abyss, broke up the crust of the earth with mighty blows and fashioned out the rocks and mountains with the splinters.

To us such strange fancies and images appear enclosed in the dark meshes of ignorance, when we reflect that our earth is but as a point in the immensity of the universe; that there are worlds a thousand times larger than our own; that the sun itself is an immense luminous world, whose circumference would enclose more than twelve hundred thousand globes as large as our own. The heavens are infinite space, indefinite expanse, unfathomable depths without limit; for space has neither scribes them, for space has neither beginning nor end; there is always an

infinity of space which extends in every direction.

Indeed creation is replenished with countless millions of luminous globes scattered over immense regions, to which the human mind can assign no boundaries. Like man, worlds, too, have their birth, youth, manhood or maturity, and death, as do also stars, suns, planets, and solar systems. There is always action and reaction, advance and retreat, inbreathings and outbreathings, light and darkness, as are evidenced by the succession of day and night, as well as by all the variations of climates and seasons, winds and ocean currents.

Forever the great Fiery Breath of Universal Spirit goes forth and returns. From it all manifestations of worlds, men, and the kingdoms below man appear and into it they are finally resolved. Like the newborn babe, a new world struggles for breath and strives to move its limbs, figuratively speaking. Differentiation begins and polarity exhibits itself, namely, the pairs of opposites spring into being—positive and negative, masculine and feminine. Endowed with an impelling urge to live, the soul of a new world prepares for

manifestation of higher and more complex forms of life and action. Its plan has been laid down in Universal Mind. It proceeds in its course uninterrupted until the shades of Cosmic Night once more overtake it in cyclic sequence.

At the end of the grand cycle involving aeons of time, the great Fiery Breath of Universal Spirit withdraws the differentiated into itself and everything recedes and disappears into its eternal and primal Source—there to remain until the dawning of the next Cosmic Day. Darkness again fills the Boundless All. In the bosom of the Infinite or Absolute is the "rootless root" of all there was, is, or ever shall be. Can it be other than omnipresent, eternal, boundless, and immutable Principle? For there is but one Life, one Force, one Power, one Substance, and one Mind, expressing itself in an infinite variety of forms.

All consciousness is one; the same spiritual identity pervades all things. It is inherent in the whole, is omnipresent, is at the root, and is the seed of every being of every kind everywhere, binding us all with an indissoluble link to the same origin—a union so full and eternal that nothing can cleave its oneness. The individual separated in consciousness from the One Power pervading all things is like a house divided against itself. This gives rise to antagonistic forces within oneself, namely, to inharmony resulting in disease, suffering, and death. For the world's evil and attendant suffering and disease, the divine life is the only antidote—the true healing power. The stupendous drama of the Spirit is to rise to the exalted heights of godlike perfection, every noble thought, idea, and aspiration becoming permanently linked with our Immortal, Deathless Self.

The only difference between Spirit

substance and physical substance is in the density of its atomic structure. Universal Spirit, vital energy, and Divine Mind are imperishable and of eternal duration. Homogeneous substance or primordial matter, too, is indestructible and immortal in its elementary units or particles, but not in its organized forms.

Incorruptible thoughts, words, and deeds transmute the visible gross matter of the flesh and carnal mind, of palpable rates of vibration, to a rarefied and exalted ethereal condition with a velocity that is imperceptible to our vulgar senses and beyond our apprehension. *The human form divine then assumes qualities of imperishability, which matter and energy inherently possess.* The last enemy to be overcome is death. In striking contrast, corruptible thoughts and acts are perverted

expressions of the soul and assume vibrations of a destructive character; they gravitate not heavenward, but downward to the seat of the animal appetites and negative emotions.

Decay and disease inevitably begin at a point where the constructive agencies of Life or Spirit are decreased to such an extent as to be able no longer to overcome the destructive tendencies. If the nefarious forces gain ascendancy, the agencies of dissolution, disintegration, or decomposition exert their maleficent influence and annihilation of the body or death ensues; there is no longer consonance with our natural environment. Our Eternal, Deathless Self can use only a perfect temple for its permanent and eternal abiding place. Any vehicle, body, or coat of flesh of corruptible material must be discarded over and over again. The mere presence of disease, dissolution, and death indicates an undeveloped condition; a status below that of Him whom we venerate as Christ Jesus.

*The tissue of the life to be,
We weave in colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.*

—Raphael.

Luther Burbank, the great naturalist and horticulturist, had an uncanny capacity for understanding more than a thousand different kinds of plants that grew in the desert. He found that plants, pressed by environment, act much like human beings do. Human beings, when compelled to live on short rations, either learn to economize or die; so do plants. Do you know that desert plants keep their pores closed and evaporate little or no moisture? Some even develop the capacity to store moisture when water is abundant during occasional rains. The cactus, for example, wisely stores up an enormous amount during the rainy season; indeed, if compelled to do so, the cactus can get along ten to fifteen years without water.

Trees and plants that live where water is abundant are prodigal in its use. A large elm will pump from the ground and distribute through its branches and leaves a barrel of water a day. A vine will use more water in a day than a cactus need use in a year. You may rest assured that neither Luther Burbank nor any other naturalist discovered a cactus plant suffering from a nervous breakdown, a fit of jealousy, or a tantrum akin to that of a tropical thunderstorm because the elm enjoys more water than do desert plants.

Yet countless human beings live in a state of perpetual domestic unhappiness, worry, and envy because other people seemingly are getting on in the world, dress better, and live in better circumstances than they do. No one ever sees flowers fume, fret, sigh, or vie with one another for a place in the sun. Serenely and unobtrusively, they slowly open their souls to the air and sunshine. Seemingly without effort they unfold their fragrant and bewitching charms of beauty, grace, of lingering purity, and delicate colors. No anxious care bends their heads; sweet harmony always prevails. It is unnecessary to liberate their souls constantly from the bondage of fear, doubt, and despond-

ency which are inimical to health.

Fortunate indeed is the chameleon which has the power to change its color to harmonize with that of its environment. It is a great gift to know how to get along with one's surroundings; how calmly to accept those conditions which cannot be made different. It requires a strong character and a positive will to live with one's associates, family, or relatives and yet not to resent their incivilities or to be chafed and exasperated by their shortcomings.

Yet the law of health demands that we either harmonize with our environment or fight it, for nothing is static and one is continuously bombarded by the vibratory influence of every factor of his environment. One of the greatest barriers on the path that leads to the higher life is *criticism*, for it is failure to recognize the perfect expression of divinity, however dormant, in those whom we contact whose inner divine flame fuses with that of our own—for all life is one. Charity will often disarm the cruel thought and the harsh judgment by its benevolent refusal to throw too cold a light upon the infirmities of men, because it sees the unfinished child of God housed in a physical structure that is still too embryonic for any but the most rudimentary expression of its divine heritage.

Incompatibilities and inharmonies exist in the same sense that imperfections exist in a masterpiece of sculpture during the process of its completion. And it embodies that perfection in a latent state all through the developing process.

Faith helps, too. Under the mind dominance of faith, we become a powerful absorbent of vital energy from which the life-giving currents are propelled heavenward, thus linking man with his inexhaustible Reservoir of all Life and Power, and releasing a continuous stream of divine healing energies. Faith thus permits heavenly Intelligence to cooperate with human instrumentalities.



HEALING

Founded on the Admonition of the Christ to Heal the Sick.

CURING VS. HEALING

As the great majority of people do not make a distinction between curing and healing, it may be well to explain the difference which is primarily one of cooperation or the lack thereof. One person may undertake to "cure" another by massage or drugs; the patient in either of these cases is passive as the clay that is being molded by the potter. There is no doubt that under such treatment trouble may disappear and the person be made well, but this is only a temporary relief; he has not received the proper appreciation of the underlying cause of his disease, he does not understand that the illness was a consequence of breaking the laws of nature, and is therefore very liable to go and do the same things over again with the result that his malady returns. A "cure" is a physical process. *Healing is radically different*; there the sufferer is always required to cooperate both *spiritually* and *physically* with the healer.—Max Heindel in *Occult Principles of Health and Healing*.

* * *

Again we request our friends and patients to join us in sending out healing power that is so greatly needed at present. Our healing service is held at the Temple pictured above every evening at 6:30, and in the Pro-Ecclesia, when the Moon is in a cardinal sign, at 4:45 P.M. on the following dates:

August —4—11—19—25
 September 1—8—15—22—28
 October 5—12—19—25

Relax, close your eyes and make a mental picture of the pure white rose in the center of the Rosicrucian Emblem on the west wall of our Ecclesia, and concentrate on *Divine Love* and *healing*.

* * *

In answer to a number of queries from patients and friends we wish to state that when it is not convenient to join us in concentration at the healing hour this may be done as near the hour as possible, and the healing force sent out will be gathered up by the Higher Powers and brought to our Temple at Mt. Ecclesia, where it will be amalgamated with the healing force sent out at the time of the healing service. Also, there is no set time for this concentration, for *the amount of healing power generated and sent out* is more important than the length of time. In our healing services at Mt. Ecclesia we concentrate from seven to ten minutes.

* * *

LETTERS FROM PATIENTS

California, May 8, 1945.
 The Rosicrucian Fellowship
 Oceanside, Calif.
 Dear Friends:

Words cannot tell you how very much I have appreciated your help and prayers

the past year. The time has now come when I feel I am so much better, and that the healing has taken place, that I feel I can go on alone from here on knowing the work is done and that God is ever with me.

Our home, as well as myself, has been greatly blessed and I am grateful to you.

Yours sincerely,

—O.D.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship
Oceanside, Calif.

Dear Friends:

California, May 8, 1945.

The operation was performed according to schedule on the morning of May 2nd. I have made astonishingly rapid progress. The staff at the hospital and my doctor seem surprised and pleased. I realize and appreciate that my well being is due largely to the spiritual forces which have been very strong around me ever since I have been here.

I had a very marvelous experience a couple of nights ago. I was half asleep and my door opened (or so I thought) and a nurse entered carrying a flashlight or some light and stood by my bed and laid warm pads on my abdomen. Later I found none of the nurses had been in at that time. No one at the hospital had put heat on my abdomen, but in the morning when the doctor came I was so much improved that it was possible for her to remove the clamps from my incision at least a day before it had been contemplated. However, that the "Nurse" came with her light and applied heat to my abdomen I know.

And so my thanks and appreciation to you and the Invisible Helpers for your love and care.

With true appreciation,
—T.K.O.

To Restore Your Health

YOU MAY SOLICIT the aid of the Invisible Helpers who work on the body of the patient during sleep. They are under the instruction of the Elder Brothers of the Rosicrucian Order. Contact with them is made through application to the Healing Department, and maintained by a weekly report. You will receive suggestions on diet, exercise, etc. in harmony with the work of the Invisible Helpers. This Department is supported by free-will offerings. If you are ill and would like to avail yourself of the help to be obtained through this system of healing, address.

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

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Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

Children's Department



Cornelia's Underground Adventure

By EVERETT AUSTIN GOODELL and HASMICK VEE

(CONCLUSION)

"THAT means 'who approaches Antimock?'" said the king to Cornelia. Then to the sentry he thundered, "I' Murel, king of all the Color Fairies and builder of Antimock."

To their surprise, the sentry retorted, "Troglog, the Rankite, is now in power, and you, Murel, are deposed! Keep away from the palace—it is no longer yours!" And the Rankite outpost held them off with his sharp spear, and threatening looks.

"Well, by my scepter!" exclaimed King Murel. "He shall pay for this! At him, men—throw him in irons! I demand to see the queen!" Murel's ruddy face turned redder and he stamped his foot, for he was not used to delays.

"Ha-ha-ha!" laughed the Rankite sentry. "The queen is dead, O Murel, thou upstart. She was thrown into the Lake of Fire and burned. We shall see that you are treated likewise. Ha-ha-ha!" He shook so with laughter that he could hardly hold on to his spear.

"Upstart, eh? We shall see!" glared the little king. "By my imperial right, I demand to be taken to Troglog!"

"All right, Murel, but you won't like this," warned the sentry. He called the guard who escorted Cornelia, the king, and his two helpers to the castle. This gleaming structure rested



upon a great rock known to be anchored to the very center of the earth. They were herded down a long, long hall of polished marble with a transparent floor.

"It is smooth just like glass," Cornelia said aloud, slipping her feet over the floor of crystal.

"Have a care—no funny business!" growled one of the spearmen as he pushed her back in line along with Murel and his two loyal subjects.

Presently they entered the throne room. The ceiling was all of three hundred feet high and shone with a lovely blue light. White marble walls, amber columns, and green velvet draperies with golden tassels made a scene of regal splendor. Cornelia saw all this beauty in dismay. She felt so sorry that her friend, King Murel, was deposed from his throne, and would be thrown into the Lake of Fire.

"Poor little fellow!" she sighed.

"Don't pity me," remarked the king sharply. "By my name and scepter we shall yet put things aright!"

Now they were standing in front of the throne, made of pure jasper. The little king showed no fear as he stood there and declared: "Troglog, the pretender, Troglog the faithless—begone with your smirking Rankites and clear the court! Or by my scepter, I'll have you and your henchmen thrown into the Lake of Fire!"

"With whose help?" taunted Troglog, one leg lolling over the arm of the king's throne chair.

"Nobody's help, you trouble-maker! I won the crystal cleavage contest from you years ago, proving for all time that I am the only power there is in the underground kingdom of Color-land."

"Ha-ha-ha! What good does that do you now?" jeered Troglog, and his laughter was echoed by all the Rankite court.

"By my scepter!" exclaimed King Murel. "My patience is ended!" And moving the diamond scepter from his back pocket, he shook the flashing wand of authority at Troglog while he said, "This for your story! The queen is not dead—she's in conference with seven of her leading color fairies to decide on some new tints for upper earth-land flowers! She was not thrown into the Lake of Fire, for I too would have felt its burning heat at the same time."

Quickly the little king then muttered under his breath, "Come, Queen Verilee, come!" as he shook his scepter three times. In the twinkling of an eye, the dainty Queen of the Color Fairies appeared by his side, alive and smiling.

The Rankite leader, Troglog, straightened up and stirred uneasily. He tried to motion to his guards, but it was a feeble gesture.

"That for your Lake of Fire burning which never happened!" asserted King Murel triumphantly. "My men are at work in their usual places, carrying out my wishes." Again he waved his diamond scepter three times. "Men, come home!" he commanded. Soon hundreds of gnomes wearing green suits and little pointed caps filled the throne room.

"Now back to your work, you lazy fellows!" thundered the little monarch at the Rankites, who scattered away without further ado.

Meanwhile, Troglog had slipped down off King Murel's throne and tried to escape unnoticed in the crowd. But the king's sharp eye spotted him and

his quick hand brought Troglog to a stop.

"I have him collared," he said to Queen Verilee and Cornelia. And holding the diamond scepter in front of the wilting Troglog, he spoke these words:

"Troglog looks for naught but trouble. So he's changed into a bubble!"

Suddenly Troglog fused into a melting lump which cooled down into a smooth crystal ball about as big as an apple.

Cornelia had watched all these happenings in wide-eyed silence. Now she said, "Oh, how cute! May I pick it up, your majesty?"

"Yes," declared King Murel, "and let that be a lesson to all Rankites for all time. Who dares offend Murel, the righteous, shall be justly dealt with!"

The little monarch then put on his royal purple robes, his golden crown, and seated himself on his throne, with his diamond scepter in one hand and a golden globe in the other.

"Place the crystal ball upon that silver pedestal by the throne steps," he commanded, "as a lesson to all and sundry. Troglog wished to rule in my castle and be the center of all eyes. Very well—he now has his wish! Forever he may shine in all his reflected glory upon this pedestal before the throne of Murel."

"I can see all the colors of the throne room shining in the crystal ball!" declared Cornelia, gazing, in wonder at the smooth ball as she placed it, on "him," on the silver pedestal.

"And now, Queen Verilee, may we not have some light repast befitting our hardworking, loyal gnomes?" observed King Murel.

"Yes, my lord Murel!" agreed the lovely little queen. She clapped her tiny hands. "Come, Cornelia, and we will show you where our etheric food is baked. The king has a weakness for hot bread, and it is not making him any thinner," she observed with a tinkling

little laugh. "Now don't feel sorry for Troglog," she added as Cornelia looked back soberly at the radiant crystal ball. "He really crystallized himself by his own excessive heat of ambition."

They passed rooms like caverns where groups of busy gnomes wielded tiny hammers, chisels, and brushes at various tasks. Some mixed pigment in kettles, while others painted the color veins in all kinds of rocks and minerals. In the last work-room, gnomes were completely covering gold nuggets, minerals, and precious stones with a dark gray sticky substance which quickly dried.

"Why are they doing that?" asked the puzzled Cornelia.

"Making ready to hide them away deep underground," explained wise King Murel. "Then earth people will have to search and dig to find the treasure. Makes them use their brains and muscles, and that's good. If it was easy to find, they wouldn't value our work properly."

"I see," said Cornelia thoughtfully.

"We have many interesting things to show you about minerals, metals, plant organisms, and the radio-active breakdown of chemical elements," remarked Queen Verilee. Then taking Cornelia by the hand, she added: "Come, Cornelia, come!"

But Cornelia felt unable to move. Her feet were like lead. She wanted with all her heart to see the etheric food and watch more of the gnarled gnomes at work, but she was too drowsy to move. Again she heard: "Come, Cornelia, come!" This time it sounded like her mother's voice.

The birds fluttered their wings in the bird-bath at Mrs. King's approach, and Cornelia heard their startled chirps as they flew away. Opening her eyes, she saw the familiar plum and cherry trees against blue sky. The fountain plashed musically in the rock-edged lily pool. All about her were sights and sounds she knew so well.

"That reminds me," said her mother, glancing toward the grapevine. "I must ask Daddy to fix a lattice arbor over there. It will make a nice cool play spot for you."

"Oh, I'd like that!" Cornelia jumped up. "But he won't dig too deep, will he?" she added anxiously as they walked to the house.

"Certainly not," laughed her mother. "Just four small posts about a foot down in the earth to support the lattice. Why so serious, Cornelia?"

"Oh, I didn't want him to scare the color fairies who work under the ground," replied the child, once more her usual happy self.

And Mrs. King, knowing that children often see the little beings who live in Nature's world, was a most interested listener as Cornelia related her adventure in the kingdom of color-land.

Some of your hurts you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived,
But what torments of grief you endured
From evils which never arrived!

—Emerson.

Lists of Dealers and Centers

We publish in alternate issues of this Magazine complete lists of dealers carrying The Rosicrucian Fellowship publications; also lists of the Study Groups and Chartered Centers of the Fellowship, both in the United States and abroad. These lists are omitted in the intervening issue in order to make the space available for our articles and notices. This applies to the present issue. Anyone wishing to obtain the name and address of any Dealer or the address of any Center or Study Group will find these in the August issue. They will also be printed in the October number.

MT. ECCLESIA NEWS

VACATION time at Mt. Ecclesia, and many of our friends are taking a short, needed rest, the most of them remaining on the grounds, since satisfied with trips down to Oceanside where they can enjoy the fine beach and sea bathing.

The residents of Mt. Ecclesia have had the opportunity and pleasure of meeting many of the wives of our fine service men. At the request of the Commanding General of Camp Pendleton, it has been our privilege to furnish comfortable living quarters for a number of these charming young women whose husbands are waiting the call of Uncle Sam to enter active service. Our genial hostess, Mrs. Helen Banning, takes a special interest in each of these brave girls, helping all of them to keep a smile on their faces and chins up while they await whatever the future may bring. At mealtime she gathers them around her, like the proverbial hen "gathereth her brood," all assembled at one long table with one or two others grouped close by; and it is a real joy to note the true spirit of comradeship which exists among them. God bless these noble girls so gallantly doing their part in keeping up the morale of our own brave boys.

Mrs. Charlotte Palen, our office receptionist, is now enjoying the results of the thoroughly rejuvenating paint and redecorating work that has just been completed in her office. The cheerful room goes well with the genial greeting Mrs. Palen so graciously extends to all alike who call there.

Mr. John Farnsworth, a student and Mr. R. R. Pittenger, both of Los Angeles, California, have been vacationing at Mt. Ecclesia. Mr. Pittenger is a master pipe organ musician, formerly of Pennsylvania.

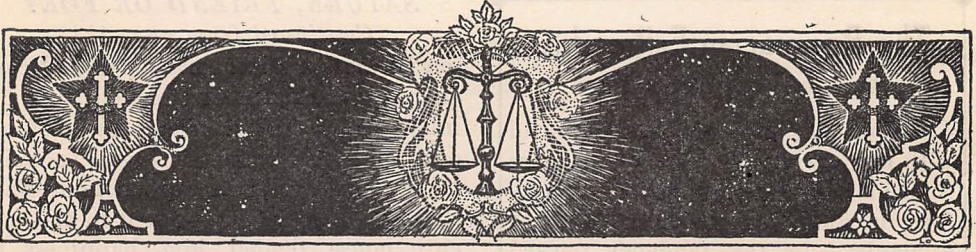
It is a pleasure to tell our readers that Mr. A. R. Bomar of Ashland, Oregon, author of the serial occult story, "The Wheel of Life," now being printed in our Magazine, is vacationing at Mt. Ecclesia, a guest at the Sanitarium. Mr. Bomar is recuperating from a rather serious illness; but our doctor, Leon Patrick, reports that his health is improving daily.

Mrs. May Swallow, of Los Angeles is also vacationing with us. Mrs. Swallow, who was at one time a member of our staff of workers, says that words cannot express her joy at being back again even for a short time on the home grounds.

Señor Jose Luis Belart, one of our students from Rio de Janeiro recently visited Mt. Ecclesia. Señor Belart wished to become more familiar with the people here, the work, and how it is being carried on with the idea of having a number of our books translated into Portuguese and doing some other special work along Fellowship lines when he returns to Brazil.

Mr. Paul Richards, for many years a worker at Mt. Ecclesia, passed his—well it was considerably over seventy years—birthday here. And all of the friends in the dining-room responding to Dr. Patrick's invitation, stood up by the various tables and sang, "Happy Birthday to You."

Wild animals are getting so tame on Mt. Ecclesia that they are fast approaching the domestic classification. Rabbits sit and gaze at you calmly with their great eyes, squirrels lift their bushy tails, tilt their small heads and chatter as if entering into a cheerful conversation. Humming birds fly unafraid about one's head, yes and some baby skunks are even trying to scrape up acquaintance with passers by.



Center and Study Group Activities Of The Rosicrucian Fellowship

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

The secretary of this Center, Miss Marian Coles, writes: "On June 16th we celebrated our 7th birthday. Though it was very warm almost thirty members were present; among them Mrs. Vida Ganzer of the Reading, Pennsylvania Center, and Mr. Van Zutphen of Dutch Guiana, South America. Our Vice-President gave the address of welcome and introduced our President who astrologically compared our seven years past with the houses of the horoscope. Starting with the fifth year we settled our large indebtedness at Headquarters paying a book bill of over \$200.00. During the sixth year we started our Child Project—sewing clothes for infants and children. During the seventh year we established Fellowship between the two New York groups, planning four joint socials a year and a monthly Probationer's Meeting.

"Thus having completed our physical structure during the past seven years, we look forward now to building its Etheric (spiritual) counterpart during the next seven years, hoping that this coming eighth year will be one of rebirth—of discarding the outmoded for a more perfect group unity and activity."

Congratulations, New York City Center. The progressive spirit which you

are demonstrating is sure to carry you far. More power to you.

OUR SPANISH FRIENDS

It is with deep pleasure that we note the phenomenal increase in the number of persons enrolling as students of our wonderful philosophy. In the Spanish department alone in the last two years over one thousand persons have applied for the lessons in the beginners' course.

A hearty welcome, friends, room for many more.

LONDON, ENGLAND

The secretary of the London Center furnishes this bit of cheerful news. "We are recommencing the Probationer's Meetings. They are being held on the third Thursday and the first Sunday of each month. Our latest Quarterly (see enclosure) is being increased in numbers and is being sent out to provinces of England to those who keep in touch with the London Center, even through occasional contact. By this means we hope to get these friends to feel that they are remembered by us so that when circumstances permit them to come to London they will feel that they are coming among friends."

That is what we call true Fellowship. Keep up the good work. You are bound to succeed if you do.

The Rosicrucian Fellowship

AN AQUARIAN MOVEMENT

A spiritual Religion cannot blend with a materialistic Science any more than oil can mix with water. Therefore, because the Great Leaders of humanity saw the tendency toward ultra-materialism which is now rampant in the Western World, they took steps to counteract and transmute it at the auspicious time. They did not wish to kill budding Science as Science had earlier strangled Religion, for they saw the ultimate good which will result when an advanced Science has again become a co-worker with Religion.

Centuries have rolled by since a high spiritual teacher having the symbolical name Christian Rosenkreuz—*Christian Rose Cross*—appeared in Europe to commence this work. He founded the mysterious Order of Rosicrucians with the object of throwing occult light upon the misunderstood Christian Religion, and to explain the mystery of Life and Being from the scientific standpoint, *in harmony with Religion*.

The Rosicrucian Teachings are given to the world by means of *The Rosicrucian Cosmo-Conception* and other works of Max Heindel, Initiate and Seer, and authorized messenger of the Rosicrucian Order, and by Correspondence Courses in esoteric Philosophy, Scientific Astrology with spiritual interpretation and Bible Study which gives the occult or hidden meaning to many scriptural passages. *These lessons are not sold; it is contrary to Rosicrucian principles to give spiritual aid for a material consideration. Students' voluntary offerings largely support the expense of printing, postage, etc.*

A written request to be enrolled in any of the above mentioned classes is all that is necessary. **THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP** considers it a sacred privilege to promulgate these uplifting and inspiring Teachings.

THE ROSICRUCIAN FELLOWSHIP
Oceanside, California, U.S.A.

SATURN, FRIEND OR FOE?

(Continued from page 413)

sen became his own man. He had conquered himself, his environment, and his inheritance. He was the master of his own soul, and when he began to write once again his work was an immediate success. His Saturn posited in the seventh house denied him happiness in marriage, although he had conquered it in every other phase of his life.

Physical defects he could not overcome; but spiritually he overrode every limiting obstruction. Denied the woman he loved, who married another, he sought solace in travel and his work. He had an unquenchable faith in his own destiny and in God; and in his fairy tales he created a world apart for all who would enter, a world of childlike innocence and purity that could only be the result of his own cleansing of the spirit through the fire of his tribulations.

To the day of his death, Hans Christian Andersen fought on to overcome his physical handicaps. Never strong in body, he endured physical pain with patient endurance. He was a victim of the most severe toothaches through much of his life, and once sat through one of his greatest triumphs—a fete in his honor by his home town of Odense—with a raging toothache, without for a moment giving any indication of his great suffering. He had learned the secret of Mind over Matter—that great lesson Saturn can teach us if we give it a chance. In old age Andersen's face revealed the spiritual beauty that overcomes the inharmony of features that may have been given it at birth.

With such an example of a conquering Spirit we cannot doubt that Saturn's obstructions can be overcome if we have patient persistence. To consider Saturn as evil is to take a one-sided view. Such seeming evil is only good in the making. Let us not yield to the defeatism of Saturn, but build so persistently that we, too, overcome evil with good—transmute material matter into spiritual gold.

In the Land of the Living Dead

By PRENTISS TUCKER



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